THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 73. PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT No. 726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1894. FIVE CENTS A COPY. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE No. 31

AN EVEN-SONG.

BY SUSANNA J.

How dear to me the prelude low
That steals with soft and even flow,
Bearing through arch and transept dim
The message of the Evening Hymn!

And, e'en as angel tones might fall
On ears that wait their gentle call,
The air repeats this pleading cry—
"Abide with me, for night is nigh!"

Here every human heart's distress,
Its longing and its loneliness,
Find utt'rance, fitly borne on high—
"Abide with me, for night is nigh!"

From the Dead Past.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SCRUB," "A BITTER CUP," "LOVER AND LORD," "THE WYCHFIELD HORROR," "A SILVER WEDDING," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

The tramp's face presents a curious study, as he hears the visitor announced and sees Mr. Clayden and his aunt turn away to greet their guest. If they thought him mad before they would surely be disposed to deem him idiotic now, as he stands pale-faced and shivering in the warm sunshine, with dropping jaw and dully staring eyes. Evidently he has received some sudden stupefying shock—some blow that for the moment robs him of the power to think or speak or move.

Suddenly he turns his head and stares into the room, where the three people are quietly chatting, momentarily oblivious of his existence, and then makes a movement that almost suggests an intention to mount the steps and enter; but, if so, the intention is never carried out, for he turns away, with the dazed expression intensifying in his eyes, and, slowly stumbling at every other step, makes his way down the path and out of sight of the house. But at the first out-building that he comes to he falls helplessly down upon the stone steps and sits there, holding his head in both his thin hands, trying to think, to understand, to shake off the horrible lethargy.

"'Brackenbury,' 'Brackenbury!'" he mutters hoarsely over and over again. "Did the man really say 'Brackenbury?' And—Heaven help me—that's the worst of all, I can't get the thread of it! What does 'Brackenbury' mean?"

It is a word of grim significance, a word wherewith to conjure up thoughts of pain and misery well-nigh unendurable. He forgets time and place, forgets what he has set himself to do, and falls once more to brooding bitterly over the unforgotten, unforgiven wrong that has wrecked his life. Wrong! Yes, it was such a wrong as no man could forgive, he tells himself, while his temples throb. He too has done wrong, that he cannot and does not deny; but then—but then the difference between the offence committed and that he has sworn to avenge is the difference between human frailty and craft and cruelty absolutely diabolical.

"I wronged her—yes; but Heaven knows how I loved her all the time! It was my love for her that wrecked me! And she—she never cared for me or any human being but herself, not even for that man—that Brackenbury!"

The last word breaks from his lips in a wild scream—a cry that echoes through the yard and brings a man hurrying from the adjacent stables and another from the lodge gate. The latter utters an exclamation of surprise, as he recognises the man whom Mr. Clayden had brought in last night.

"Where on earth have you been hiding?" he asks, with mingled severity and compassion, as he looks at the gaunt shaking figure and ghastly working face. "A nice fool you made me look this morning when the Squire came to inquire after you, and I could only tell him you had stolen away without so much as a 'Thank you' or 'Good bye'!"

The tramp draws his hand roughly across his face, as though to clear away some mist that has gathered before his eyes, then says slowly—

"I went because I had work to do; but I was sorry, and came back."

"Well, well," the other interrupts, with ready good-nature, "that is all right, and your work can wait. You don't look up to much work just yet! And, by the way, what made you frighten us all with that awful cry? My missus thought the roof was falling in or one of the children killed!"

"That's each of us for himself, Mr. Simmons," the other man, a young groom, breaks in. "I thought at least some one was killing my governor when I heard his name."

The tramp turns to the last speaker with startling swiftness, and cries peremptorily—

"Who is your governor?"

"Well, you need not be so sharp," the other answers tartly, not relishing the idea of being cross-examined by "so dirty and disreputable a chap." "If you ask civilly you shall know. Well, that's enough; he is Sir Walter Brackenbury, of Brackenbury Towers, in Hertfordshire, and Berkeley Square, in London. Doesn't happen to be a friend of yours, I suppose?"

The groom looks from one to the other of his companions and grins at his own wit, which only he however seems to appreciate. Simmons, a stolid, good-natured, elderly man, fails to see any fun in jeering at the forlorn outcast, who, for his part, is too far deeply absorbed in his own thoughts to be even conscious of the gibe.

"Is Sir Walter Brackenbury a soldier?" he asks, in the same eager tone.

"Well, he was, of course—fought pretty well too out in Egypt and India; if you took such a mortal interest in him, and kept your eye upon the papers, you might come across his name now and then. But of course, when a gentleman succeeds to a large property and a title, and thinks of settling down with a pretty young wife, it is about time to give up fighting, don't you see!"

"A wife—a wife!" The man's features work so convulsively that the groom moves a step or two back, thinking he sees all the preliminary symptoms of a fit. "Then your master is not married yet?"

"No—not yet. What a chap you are to ask questions! And what on earth is the governor to you! Well, never mind—there's no sort of secret to keep, and some people are curious about other people's affairs, I know. He ain't married yet, but he precious soon will be; he is down here courting now, and courting the prettiest lady I ever clapped eyes on. What do you say, Mr. Simmons?"

"Well," Simmons says, with a judicial air, "I won't say I quite disagree with you. She's pretty—very pretty; but here we all think Miss Massey——"

"Miss—— Say that again; say it, I tell you!" the tramp cries violently, so violently that Simmons skips back with an agility hardly to be expected of his portly form and stares at his mad-looking companion with open-mouthed and helpless wonder. "If you will not, I must go to him, or——"

The last words are lost in a choking struggle for breath; the man raises his arms above his head, makes a step or two forward, and falls heavily to the ground.

And meanwhile, up at the house, Brackenbury has confessed, with laughing candor, that his present visit has been prompted less by politeness than curiosity.

"And what are you curious about, Sir Walter?" says Miss Millicent.

"A very small matter, you will say," Brackenbury answers. "That poor man Mr. Clayden picked up and brought home last night, I should like to see him if he is still to be seen."

Charlie Clayden looks at his aunt and laughs.

"An hour ago I should have said 'impossible,' now it is the easiest thing in the world," he says, walking across to the window; "that is, I don't suppose he has had time to slink off again. He was here just now, and can't well have got farther than the lodge. Only think—he bolted this morning, got a mile away, and then tramped back to say 'Thank you.' I never came across a queerer fish. I hope he is not mad, but don't feel at all safe on the subject!"

"I felt quite sure he was mad for a few minutes," Miss Millicent says thoughtfully; "but afterwards, when he tried to thank you, Charlie——"

"Yes, he seemed sane enough then. Do you think you know him, Brackenbury?"

"Well, that is what I want to find out. If I do, it is only in the most perfunctory way. The fact is, I imagine your tramp to be identical with a man I came across up in the woods here, a man who interested me a little, though I don't quite know why."

"It must be the same; but come across and see for yourself."

The two men stroll off together and reach the lodge just in time to find Mrs. Simmons and the groom in conversation at the door. They hear a fragment of the groom's speech, as they approach unobserved.

"It really was like a story book, Mrs. S.," the pert Cockney voice goes glibly on. "'Brackenbury,' he says, with a screech—the sound that sent you into fits, as Mr. Simmons told us—'Brackenbury!' and off he goes into a trembling palsy; and, as for questions when he came to a bit, no London lawyer was ever sharper. 'Did your governor do this? Is he that?' and so on, till I felt as though I had somehow got into the witness-box. But that wasn't the worst, as you shall hear, Mrs. S. By-and-by I chances to name——"

"Prescott!" Brackenbury cries sharply, and the man wheels round, touching his hat and growing very red, while Mrs. Simmons drops her country courtesy to the Squire and his friend. "Good morning again, Mrs. Simmons," Brackenbury says cheerily. "So you have your runaway back?"

"Not in the house, sir; he is round by the stable-yard, and Simmons has sent for me, because the poor mad creature is ill again. I believe he is downright mad, and ought to be looked after, sir."

"He is very ill, at any rate," Mr. Clayden says thoughtfully; and then, while Mrs. Simmons goes back into the house to furnish herself with the salts and others restoratives, the two gentlemen stroll in the direction of the stable-yard.

"This is a new development of the case, and one I don't understand," Walter says, after a short pause. "You heard that fool Prescott's words?"

"Not distinctly; but I thought I caught your name."

"You did. It seems to have had some electrical effect on this remarkable protege of yours. And yet I cannot see how he should know it or me, if he is the man who met me on the hill the other day."

"That point will soon be settled, at any rate."

"Yes. Well, we were certainly strangers to each other. There was only one thing besides the squalid misery of his appearance that struck me at the time, and that was——"

Brackenbury breaks off here, for they have come up to the stable door and face to face with Simmons, who is half leading half dragging his patient home. The man's head hangs heavily forward, but Brackenbury recognizes him at once, and gives a little assenting nod in answer to Mr. Clayden's inquiring glance.

"He has been very bad again, sir," Simmons says, addressing his master. "I want to get him into bed, and if he were to see the doctor——"

"No, no!" the tramp breaks in angrily. "No doctor—I will not see one. I will see one but—but——"

He has raised his head, and the bloodshot lustreless eyes rest on Walter Brackenbury's face as he speaks—rest there without any recognition at first, and then there is something terrible in the sudden glow that light up those dull eyes as the man looks with intense eagerness and begins to quiver all over. There is something ferocious too in the hoarse cry that breaks from the pale and quivering lips.

"So it is you, Captain Brackenbury—you who gave me the money, who would have sent me to the workhouse or the hospital—you——"

Sheer bodily weakness, contending all the time with the fierce passion that sustains him, gains the mastery now, his head drops forward, he stumbles and, but for Simmons's sustaining arm, would fall. Seeing this, Mr. Clayden thinks it time to interfere, and says peremptorily—

"Take him away now. Whatever he has to say to Sir Walter Brackenbury can wait."

The man catches the words vaguely and makes a feeble struggle, which the vigorous Simmons speedily subdues; but, as he passes the more and more hopelessly-puzzled Brackenbury, he gives him a look of hatred that thrills the young man's strong nerves, and he murmurs faintly—

"Wait! I have waited so long, Captain Brackenbury, it can be only little longer now!"

"You come along, and don't talk nonsense or excite yourself any more!" says Simmons stolidly; and he bears off his charge in a state of utter mental and physical collapse.

Left alone, the two young men can only stare helplessly at each other. Charlie Clayden, as the less personally interested, is the first to speak.

"Well, is this a scene from a transpontine melodrama, or a bit of real life?" he asks, with an expression of dismay. "Can you make head or tail of the matter, Brackenbury? Have you any sort of clue to the mystery?

"Well, a suspicion is beginning to dawn upon me—I cannot call it more. The man has been a soldier, and he is a hunted fugitive now. He knows and calls me Captain Brackenbury. I think it just possible he may be a deserter from my troop. We had one or two desertions just before starting for the Soudan."

"That might explain his fear of being recognised as a soldier—fear of being recognized by you, but not the fierce attack, the murderous glare of his eyes when he spoke of touching your money. Now, I

don't suppose"—with a shrewd glance at the other's kindly troubled face—"that any of these deserters had a personal animosity to you."

"Oh, no!" Walter answers readily. "I think, on the whole, I was popular with my men."

"So I should judge; and I think that theory will not hold water. This man has some real or fancied grudge, and a precious one too. You cannot think of any one you have even unwillingly done an ill turn to?"

"Not a soul! Really I think the man must be a little mad, and mixes me up with some one else in his muddled brain. There are no vendetta romances in my life." He pauses, coloring deeply at his own words and at a cruel remembrance they evoke, then adds, in a low tone, "There was only one man who ever had even the semblance of cause to think he had suffered wrong through me, and he is dead."

CHAPTER XII.

I WONDER whether Charlie will carry his point to-day and bring that ridiculous Trix to reason. It was a real stroke of genius on Miss Millicent's part to write and tell her Mollie was ill."

"Well, you are certainly crediting the dear old lady with a genius for intrigue, Maggie. Do you think she invented the illness or dosed the child?"

"Neither; but——" Maggie makes a long pause, swings round on the music-stool, and looks at her sister with laughing eyes. "Charlie himself was not frightened, and, good honest goose, had not the wit to pretend that he was. He treated the matter so lightly indeed that, if I had not used much moral suasion, Trix would hardly have let him carry her off."

"But I thought you said he had just fetched Doctor Knox?"

"So he had; but not for Mollie, though. Am I not getting an awful Jesuit, Con? I let Trix think that her little pet was the patient, and so sent her off in a whirl of pity and confusion very favorable to Charlie's suit."

"But who is ill, then?" Con persists, regarding the sketch on which she is engaged.

"Oh, that man they picked up on the road—the hero of Dolly's adventure! I suppose the poor wretch is dying. Charlie says he frightened Simmons and his wife half out of their wits last night by getting delirious and raving in the most dreadful way, and—is it not queer, Con?—raving always of 'Rosalie.'"

"Maggie"—Constance Marsden twists her chair as well as herself round now and looks with scared eagerness into her sister's face—"you don't and can't mean—"

"No, no—of course I 'don't' and 'can't,' you absurd girl!" Maggie finishes, with her bright reassuring laugh. "There are many thousand Rosalies in the world, I suppose. And what should our very haughty irreproachable specimen have to do with a common tramp? She would simply annihilate you if she dreamed that you ever entertained the idea! But the name was not the only thing that was queer and dreadful, Con. Charlie says he is sure the poor creature has been in dreadful trouble of some kind—prison, you know—for he was screaming out all night that he must be free—must escape—must get to Rosalie!"

"Poor fellow! His wife or sweetheart, I suppose—at any rate, some one he loves very much," Con cries, with ready sympathy; but Maggie shakes her head.

"Some one he hates and threatens to kill—some one who has wronged him horribly and upon whom he swears to wreak some deadly vengeance. His ravings must have been very terrible, for I never saw Charlie so much impressed before. He says he is quite sure that, when Doctor Knox sees the man, he will have him put under some restraint."

"But——"

"But we won't talk any more about the matter; you are too nervous and impressionable, Con. We shall have you weaving nightmare romances of horrid crime instead of sleeping comfortably, if we dwell much longer upon Charlie and his tramp," Maggie says peremptorily; "besides, it is almost time for Jennie and Dolly to be back. How tired they will be after their long day in town; and how glad Walter will be to have them back again!"

"Oh, he has enjoyed himself in his way, no doubt! He had some business in Ilchester, which he told Dolly was more interesting than her dress-making interviews. I wonder he is not back, though; he said he would be here before six."

"No doubt he waited at the station, and they will all come back together."

And then the girls fall to talking of other things. But the man as to whose whereabouts they have been speculating stands literally transfixed to the one spot on the verandah where their voices have reached him. Careless as their chatter has been, it has sent a thrill of deadly terror to his heart and opened up a vista of tragic possibilities that he hardly dares to contemplate.

"Raving always of 'Rosalie.'" The words conveyed no special meaning to him at first; but the name that has and always must have such painful associations for him made him pause; and then, little by little, there has grown upon him a dawning comprehension, a great dread.

"Some one he hates and threatens always to kill—some one who has wronged him horribly." Mechanically Brackenbury repeats the words. "And he raved of 'escape,' of freedom. She has lied to me, or she has made a cruel mistake. It is—it must be he!"

The night is warm and bright, but he shivers and, strong-nerved clear-brained man as he is, looks round him with a scared glance, as though suspecting some spectral presence or crouching horror in every softly-falling shadow of the summer dusk.

"What a fool I was not to think of—not to see this, when all pointed to the one conclusion! He knew my name—not me, and the mere sound of it worked him to frenzy. But I never doubted her story—why should I? And now, what is to be done? There are all the elements of a grim tragedy here—but how to avert the catastrophe? Shall I warn her? Shall I speak to Clayden about putting him under restraint? No; there is just the one chance that this may be a mere coincidence. I will see and question her first, and then——"

The mere fact of arriving at some sort of decision seems to relieve him. He descends the steps gently, that he may not attract the attention of the girls within, and, not allowing himself time for further hesitation or doubt, walks hurriedly in the direction of the Nest.

The walk is not a long one, but Brackenbury has time to conjure up a thousand phantasmal horrors, and work himself into a feverish agitation before he has reached its end. A frantic fear for Rosalie Hurst's safety—a frantic longing to see her alive and well—masters, for the moment, every other feeling in his breast. Even Dolly, for whose return he has been wishing with most lover-like ardor all day, would only appear as an obstacle and an interruption now. His one intense desire is to see Rosalie, to speak to her, learn the whole truth, and put her on her guard.

"If only I am in time!" he mutters, as he pushes back the gate and looks eagerly towards the pretty ivy-covered house. Then his heart gives a great glad leap, for the French window of the front room stands open, and just within it he can see, in a slender outline, the graceful gray-clad figure he knows so well.

"Rosalie!" He springs up the steps, forgetting all things—reserve, prudence, even his old anger—in his relief, and no lover's tone ever expressed a more fervent rapture than rings now in his. "Rosalie! Thank Heaven you are here, safe and alone!"

Rosalie turns swiftly round, and the brilliant smile that brightens and seems almost to transfigure the beauty of her face bewilders him. She half extends her hands, swiftly, impulsively, and then draws back, crying, in soft tones of warning—

"Safe? Yes—quite safe, Sir Walter Brackenbury; but not, as you see, alone."

She moves aside, inviting him to enter the room, and, as he crosses the threshold, he finds himself looking straight into Dolly Marsden's pale frightened face. The girl stands just behind the curtain, and he cannot doubt that every word of his wild greeting has been distinctly audible to her.

A terrible silence follows, which is broken by Jane's placid pleasant voice.

"Is that you, Walter?" she cries from the farther end of the long room where, Brackenbury now sees, she is resting on a sofa. "How did you contrive to trace us here? But never mind now. You are most welcome, and will be most useful, sir. For you can help to get me home."

"Help you!" Walter echoes, as he crosses over to Miss Marsden's side. It is relief and yet agony to turn away from the girl he loves so dearly—the girl on whose pale face, it seems to him, the first pain and terror are giving place to something like despair. Poor Dolly—dear, innocent, loving Dolly; it is horrible, unbearable to think that he should ever bring that look into her eyes! By-and-by he can speak, and she will hear him—he can explain all; but not now—he is tongue-tied and fettered now. "Help you?" He repeats Jane's words vaguely, as these torturing fancies flit through his mind, while Dolly, thinking she understands, holds her little head erect and suffers in proud silence; and Rosalie, thinking she understands also, feigns a soft confusion, and in her secret heart exults with a wicked joy—Jane Marsden, vaguely conscious of some storm in the air, looking questioningly from one to the other. "Has there been any accident?"

"Only a very slight one; and Dolly is quite safe," Jane answers, laughing good-humoredly, as she notes the quick wistful glance that travels in the girl's direction. "I stumbled and twisted my foot; it hurts for the time, but I don't think it is really even sprained, and, when I have rested a little longer, with your help I can get home."

"Yes—I am so sorry!" he murmurs vaguely, still following Dolly's small rigid figure with his eyes. "Shall I run back and fetch the pony-carriage? The walk is rather long for one who is lame."

Jane looks rather inclined to accept the suggestion; her foot hurts much more than she confesses; but, after a second's pause, she shakes her head in her bright resolute way.

"No. After all, it is not much of a walk. I will not have papa frightened; he is not quite well to-day. And so you must lend me your arm, Walter, if you have no objection and if Dolly will spare you for once."

It springs to Dolly's lips to say that she has done with him for ever, that he is no longer her lover, but Rosalie Hurst's, and that Rosalie, not she, must give him permission to go or to stay. But, though she is suffering such fierce torture of jealousy and wounded faith and wronged love as in her innocently-happy life she has never dreamed she could be called on to endure, she is a proud little person, and checks the fierce retort. By-and-by, when she and Walter Brackenbury are alone together, she will give him back the pledge to which he has been so wickedly false; but she will make no charge, she will say and yield nothing here under the shining triumph of her rival's eyes.

Walter, in a puzzled manner, guesses something of the girl's pain, and racks his brain trying to think how he shall soothe and comfort her without telling the terrible secret he has sworn to keep. Rosalie reads the pale pretty features like an open book, and exults with a wicked joy in the thought that between the lovers the breach, so wide already, will only widen with every word; for, fettered as he is by his promise to her and by other considerations, Brackenbury, attempting to plead his own cause, can only damage it and make his conduct seem blacker in the eyes of the justly-offended girl.

"She cannot even say I lured or tempted him," she thinks, while her eyes sparkle and her face blooms with a vivid glow of triumph. "She heard him call me, 'Rosalie,' and all his heart was in his voice, as it used to be in the old days. She heard him thank Heaven that I was 'safe' and 'alone.' Heaven may know the meaning of that fervent thanksgiving. I don't, unless—unless it means that his heart is given back to me. If so, Fate has been good to me at last. I have longed and schemed and almost prayed for this, and now at last—at last——"

There is something terrible in her beauty, in her exultation.

Meeting her shining eyes, Brackenbury averts his own hastily; he is angry with her for daring so to misconstrue him, for thinking him as false and conscienceless as herself; and yet he pities her so intensely, he fears for her so much—in his helpless misery he feels that he would give anything—years of life, even the happy, honored, prosperous life that will be spent side by side with Dolly, to utter one word of warning, to ask one all-important question, to speak to her for one moment alone.

But that for the time being impossible, he turns away with a short half-suppressed sigh that makes little Dolly's sore heart thrill and throb with a yet more intolerable pain; while Jane, a little puzzled, but still unsuspicious of anything really wrong, says gaily—

"Well, you are a gloomily silent set of people! Does the prospect of our walk appal you, Walter? I am not so very heavy."

"I think I can manage your weight," he says, with an awkward attempt to catch the natural ease of her tone; "and, besides, we shall have Dolly's help."

There is a curious shy pause before his sweetheart's name that strikes even Jane as significant. She glances quickly and keenly from one face to another and knows at once that is something gravely wrong. It occurs to her that Rosalie must be concerned too, and one look at her hostess's sparkling eyes turns suspicion to certainty.

"Rosalie has made mischief between them," she decides, as, with a little wince, she stands upon the wounded foot; "but when and how? Her will I never doubted, but her power—I thought he gave her no chance to exercise that. He always seemed cold and distant to her, and even now—— Oh, my poor little Dolly, is there trouble in store for you?"

"You are not going yet, Jane," Rosalie says softly, addressing Miss Marsden, but her lustrous eyes rest with pleading persuasiveness on Brackenbury's face. And it is he who answers hurriedly—

"Yes, if you are ready, Jane. I think the sooner you are home the better."

"I think so too," Jane agrees, her face a little pale, a touch of sternness in her usually mild voice.

Rosalie understands, and laughs a low sweet little laugh of cruel triumph, as she cries—

"Don't pull the chain too tightly, Jennie, or it may snap. Sir Walter Brackenbury came to pay me a visit, and you have not allowed him a five minutes' stay under my roof."

Jane looks indignantly across at her future brother-in-law—her brother, as she has already come to call him most easily and pleasantly in her thoughts.

Surely, without the downright point-blank rudeness Rosalie deserves, but is hardly likely to receive at his hands, he will contrive in some fashion to deny what she says—to affirm what in all probability is the truth—that he has come to the Nest in search of Dolly and herself.

But he does nothing of the kind; he simply inclines his head and looks miserable; and Rosalie says, with another rippling mocking little laugh and a graceful semi-theatrical wave of her pretty begemmed fingers—

"There, then I waive my rights; poor Jennie is in pain; and, to put it mildly, no one seems quite comfortable. So, for the present, good-bye to you all!"

Jane inclines her head very stiffly. She does not quite refuse to brush the cheek held up to her, but her lips touch it with extreme reluctance; but Dolly draws back decidedly, and will not even take the proffered hand. She can endure all in proud silence, but even for pride's sake she cannot and will not act a part.

"As you please, my dear." Rosalie's cheeks glow yet more vividly, her eyes sparkle more than ever; she is certainly not displeased by the rebuff. "I don't know how I have offended you—perhaps you will tell me some day when you are in a more communicative mood; but meanwhile to quarrel with you is not of necessity to quarrel with all yours. Sir Walter, I shall at any rate see you again?"

Three pairs of eyes rest on the man's face, as though to those gazing what they read there must mean life or death. And he is all conscious of their scrutiny, and of the cruel fix in which an unhappy accident has placed him.

"I shall see you again?" Rosalie repeats; and, as he remembers what he has to ask her, what he has to do, he answers, with rough despairing sullenness—

"Yes, I suppose so! Jane, will you come now?"

"I think my luck has turned," Rosalie thinks, as she stands in the porch watching her guests out of sight. "I think I know what will follow. Child as she is, Dolly Marsden has a woman's jealousy, a woman's pride. She will demand an explanation, which Walter cannot and will not give. She will insist that he makes an instant choice between her and me; and then—and then—— Oh, I know Walter Brackenbury's nature by heart! He too is proud, he will resent the suspicion, and he will give up everything—life itself and all that makes it dear—rather than betray a woman's secret, and such a secret as mine. And I will hold him for ever if I can; he was mine before he was yours, pretty Dolly, and if I can use the weapons fate has placed in my hands he shall be mine again."

Dolly and her two companions have reached the gate, and, as Walter opens it and helps her sister through, she turns to look back at the house in which it seems to her that her innocent happiness has been done to death.

It is a shock to her to see rival's graceful figure still outlined against the trailing roses of the porch; but she does not instantly avert her eyes, she only thinks, with

the dull agony of conscious defeat—

"She is most beautiful. He loves her best, and I must set him free. But, oh, it will be hard to see them together—to know he is hers, not mine, when we meet again!"

CHAPTER XIII.

"DOLLY dear, let me speak to you for one minute; I will not keep you more!" Jane Marsden says anxiously. "I would not say anything before Con and Maggie——"

"Do not, please. And, Jennie, I know all you mean, how good and kind you are; but I could not bear even your pity just now!" The girl's voice quivers and almost breaks over the last word, as she half kneels by her sister's sofa and looks into her face with soft beseeching eyes. She has put on a white dress, and is herself almost as white as the soft fabric that clings about the girlish figure and makes her look even younger than she is. Jennie thinks of the little baby she took from her dying mother's arms, and helped and comforted then—thinks how powerless she is to help and comfort now, and the tears rise suddenly in her kind eyes.

"Pity you, you foolish excitable child?" she cries. "No; I will pity no trouble that is of your own making."

"Hardly that, Jennie," the girl says, with a hopeless shake of her head. "You do not know. You did not hear——"

"I don't want to know—I won't hear what you would be sorry for telling even me when the misunderstanding is over and the mists have cleared away," Jane says. "I want you to give me a promise, Dolly—only a very small one; indeed, you will not have time to promise much, for there is the gong, and all the other girls are down-stairs already. Don't let me fret and fidget all dinner-time, Dolly. Of course I know that between you and Walter something has gone wrong——"

"Hopelessly—irremediably wrong!"

"No, no—I will not hear that, Dolly! You know how I have loved you always—how much I have your happiness at heart. Promise me that you will be just and reasonable—that you will say or do nothing rash!"

"Promise that you will listen patiently to any explanation Walter may give—that you will twist and distort nothing. Listen, Dolly! Years ago, when you were a little yellow-haired baby, I had a lover. He was not handsome or distinguished like yours, but I loved him very dearly, and yet he and I fell out. I was very young and jealous and exacting then. I thought he had wronged and slighted me in a cruel way; I would listen to no explanation, no excuse. I told him to go and find some one he could be true to, and after a while he went. Then, years after, I learned that it was all a cruel blunder, a mistake that a few words—simple straightforward words such as, if I had given him the chance, he would surely have spoken—could have put straight."

"And you never told him—you never begged his pardon?" Dolly asks, forgetting her own trouble in her sympathy for her sister's. "Jennie, that was not like you."

A curious patient smile makes Jane's pale worn face look pathetically sweet.

"It was too late to make amends then, dear. When, at last, I did him justice in my thoughts my lover was dead!"

"Oh, poor Jennie!" Dolly looks at her sister with awed and wondering eyes. "And you kept all this sorrow to yourself; you never told even me!"

Jane smiles again, the thought of confiding in her baby sister seeming to her just a little absurd.

"My dear, when I lived through the worst of it, you were nursing your doll. Afterwards—well, silence had grown into a habit—it is not quite easy to speak now; but I want you to understand all the mischief a few indulged suspicions, a few angry and bitter words may do."

"You speak to warn me," Dolly says, with a quick scared glance.

"To warn you from the rock on which I made shipwreck of my happiness. Be more patient, more gentle, forbearing than I was, Dolly, for Walter's sake and your own!"

"For his sake?" Dolly echoes bitterly, a hot flush rising with the remembrance of her wrongs; but Jane's strong, capable hand rests on her shoulder and holds her prisoner when she tries to turn away, Jane's voice says almost sternly, though her eyes are full of tenderness—

"For his sake. But—oh, Dolly, far more for your own! I don't know, I won't know, what seeming cause you have for distrust; but I feel sure that Walter Brackenbury is entirely true to you. Try to think it too, Dolly. Well"—as the girl only shakes her head, not angrily or sullenly, but with pitiful irresolution—"promise me, at least, that you do nothing rash?"

"What do you call rash, Jennie?"

"That you will not send Walter away mystified and angry without a chance to speak in his own defence. Listen, Dolly—there is the bell again. You must go now, but promise first that you will tell Walter exactly what your grievance is—ask him to explain what pains and puzzles you, and listen patiently to what he says."

"And if he declines to answer—to explain?"

Jane is quite taken aback by the pertinent query, not having imagined the contingency which does not strike her as a very probable one now.

"Why, then," she says slowly, and never guessing how that troubled, hesitating pause injuries the cause she has so much at heart—"but he will not refuse—I know that, dear. He may be a little wounded by your suspicion, but he loves you too well not to set it at rest. Promise to be good and patient, child. Don't let me think that—that I have called up my ghosts to no purpose."

"I promise—thank you, Jennie." She leans over the sofa and kisses the kind anxious face as though she were sealing a vow. "I will keep Walter, if I can; I will be patient and forbearing, all that you wish me, and—and, if he goes, it will be of his own free will."

"Then I have no fear of his going," Jane says, with a relieved sigh and a glance of smiling admiration at the pretty graceful girl, who looks prettier than ever with the flush of excitement on her fair skin, the sparkle of roused feeling in her deep blue eyes, "and I can nurse my ankle in a peaceful and contented frame of mind. Now, Dolly, go."

"I will try to keep my promise, to reward her for the painful effort she must have made for me," Dolly thinks, as she slowly descends the stairs. "But it will be hard too to meet Walter, remembering his tone, his look. Why should he call her 'Rosalie'—why?"

"Dolly?"

She utters a little cry, half of terror and half of exquisite relief, as she hears her own name uttered in tones of pleading tenderness and sees Walter Brackenbury's tall figure standing at the foot of the stairs.

"I thought you were never coming, Dolly," he says, as he draws the half-reluctant hand within his arm and the little figure fondly to his side. "I thought you meant to carry my punishment very far——"

"Punishment! Then you admit an offence?" she puts in quickly; but the weapon she uses wounds herself, for it is with a sharp pang that she sees the troubled look on his face, hears the short impatient sigh that precedes his evasive answer.

"You seemed to imply one, Dolly. You were so strange and cold at Mrs. Hurst's"—it is with visible effort and an anxious side-glance at the girl's face that he pronounces the name—"and surely, when you left all the conversation to Jane and me, you meant me to feel that I was 'in punishment' on my way home."

Brackenbury smiles, because he is nervously affecting an ease he cannot and does not feel; but Dolly thinks he is mocking her, and the spirit against which Jane has warned her rises in resentment now.

"Mrs. Hurst?" she echoes, with a smile as forced and unreal as his own, though hers is intended to express only incredulity and scorn. "Why not 'Rosalie' to me as well as to herself, Walter?"

"You heard then?" he says, looking away; but even in the dimly lighted hall she can see the wave of dusky red that dyes the healthy bronze of his face, and the sight sharpens the keenness of her jealous pain—adds fuel to the fire of her wrath.

"I heard that and all! 'Thank Heaven, I have found you, Rosalie, safe and alone.' You must admit I had some reason to be disturbed and doubtful, hearing you address a casual acquaintance in such terms. You must admit that, if you found my manner strange, your words were stranger still."

"They were strange, but not inexplicable," he answers hurriedly, still looking away from the eyes that, for all their angry sparkle, are so full of love. "There is no time to talk now, Dolly; but by-and-by."

"After dinner." The half-promise opens the gates of Paradise to the girl who is longing to understand—longing even to forgive. "We shall have the evening to ourselves; I will ask you then to explain."

"Don't, child! At any rate, do not ask or expect too much," he says, with feverish eagerness. "There are things it is better for all reasons not to touch upon, Dolly. You have promised to love and trust me."

She looks him full in the eyes, then answers gravely—

"I do love—I have promised to trust you; but——"

"No 'buts,' my darling. Remember your song, 'Trust me all in all, or not at all.' I am trying your faith, I know."

"Tell me one thing at least," she whispers almost fiercely, as they draw near the dining-room. "You knew Rosalie Hurst long ago—before you knew me, perhaps?"

He hesitates for a few seconds, trying to recall the words of his promise, wondering how far he is free to answer even this. But he cannot ignore the query, he cannot look into the eager eyes and utter a deliberate untruth, so he says slowly—

"Before I knew you—yes."

"Yet you and she met as strangers! Why?"

"It was her wish."

"And you gave in to her wish—the wish that kept a secret between you and her—a secret from me. I cannot understand."

"Do not try to understand, dear," he says urgently, his face looking strangely pale and drawn—"try to trust."

"I do try. I have promised, but I did not think it would be so hard! Walter"—pressing her hand tightly against her breast, as though to quiet the passionate throbbing of her heart—"one moment! Was it—the secret you were to keep from me—one that it would hurt her to tell?"

"Is it fair to ask that question, dear?"

"Not, it is not. I always knew there was a mystery in Rosalie Hurst's life—a mystery to which even Trix had no clue. Her secret is nothing to me. You are free to keep it—if—if—— Oh, my dearest, you know what my dread is! Tell me that you have no part in it—that you know it only by chance."

There is a profound silence, during which the agitated girl can hear her companion's hurried breathing.

"Walter!" They have reached the end of the long hall, his hand is outstretched to raise the curtain that divides them from the pretty dining-room. They can hear voices and laughter within. A sudden terror seizes Dolly at the thought of sitting through the meal with her doubts unsolved—with that horrible nightmare terror gnawing at her heart. She feels that she shall yield to the hysterical feeling that already nearly overmasters her if she does not draw some sort of answer from those sternly-set lips. "Walter," she says again, and there is a world of eloquent appeal in the one word; but the man steels himself to resist it, and only says, with gravity—

"Well?"

"Tell me that. I ask for the present nothing more. The secret is here alone—she is a woman you pity, and no more. Will you not say so much, dear?"

"I cannot."

"Walter!"

"I cannot," he repeats, in the same hard dry tone. "Mrs. Hurst's secret is in a measure mine, and she is——"

"What? Do not be afraid to take the one step farther, having gone so far. What is Rosalie Hurst to you—the woman you love?"

"Dolly! Is that a question you can put to me?"

"Or the woman you have loved? Oh"—with a little cry of pain—"you do not answer that! You turn away. Then it is true!"

"And if it were," he asks, in a strained low whisper, stung into self-defence at last—"would that be any wrong to you? When a man gives the girl he loves all his present and all his future, is it generous or wise of her to want also all his past?"

"No." Dolly's face grows pitifully pale, her eyes, as they meet his shine with a wistful appealing light. "No girl would be so foolishly exacting, Walter. I—I do not wish to exact anything; but when the past makes a claim on the present and the future——"

"No, no; with the future it shall have nothing to do!"

"And with the present? No"—as she sees his face darken and his brows contract—"I will ask nothing of that—I will trust you; but do not try my faith too hard. Rosalie Hurst is very beautiful—"

"Most beautiful!" he agrees, with a fervor that makes her wince; but she does not answer that interjectional remark, she thinks of her promise and hurries on.

"But I have never liked or trusted her—before I had any thought of being jealous."

"Hush, Dolly—you must not use that word!" he says angrily.

"I will not—I promise, Walter! But—my dearest, promise something in return—promise to have no more secrets with Rosalie!"

"No more, indeed!" he agrees readily, hoping Dolly will not notice the mental reservation. If she does, she makes no comment on it, but says, in the same wistful way—

"We are at peace then, Walter? You are not angry, and in the evening, when we are alone, you will tell me more?"

He does not answer, and she reads no promise in his face; so she says, with a sigh—

"I do not ask to know all; but you will tell me all that you can tell—all that you are free to say? I will slip out of the drawing-room, Walter. You will find me in the garden; I shall expect you there."

He draws the curtain with an impatient touch, as he whispers with curious reluctance—

"I will come."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bric-a-Brac.

THEY CAME FROM CHINA.—The games of dominoes, chess, baccarat and lanquenet have come from China, and are very old, being traceable as far back as two or thousand years before the Christian era.

THE ELEPHANT.—The elephant's sense of smell is so delicate that when in a wild state it can scent an enemy at a distance of 1,000 yards, and the nerves of its trunk are so sensitive that the smallest substance can be discovered and picked up by it.

THE LASCARS.—The Lascars always eat their food in the open air, with their faces toward the west, and the greatest insult a white man or "Giaour" can offer them is to walk between them and the sun while they are eating, causing his shadow to fall on their food, which thus, they consider, becomes unclean.

AN IMP.—If at present we were to call a boy an imp, he would possibly be offended. But in Spenser's time "imp" had still a very good sound, and he allows a noble lady a lady gent, as he calls her, to address Arthur as "Thou worthy imp" ("Faerie Queene," I., ix. 6). Nor is there any harm in the word, for "imp" meant originally graft, then offspring. To graft in German is impfen.

AN OLD KEY.—An old and curious key and lock is attached to the door of Temple Church, in Fleet street, London. The key weighs seven pounds, is eighteen inches long and, unlike other keys, was not made for the lock. On the contrary, the lock was made for it. Both key and lock have been in use since the Crusades, the church itself having been built by the Knights Templar in 1485.

FEASTING IN ALASKA.—When the Alaskan natives want to give a great feast, they prepare everything known to the Arctic cuisine—berries, musk rat, seal meat, fresh and stale salmon, grease, goat, sheep and bear—cook it and tumble the viands into a big common trough all together, and then the whole village falls to and devours this hotch-potch dinner, each individual helping himself with his hands. There is an eating match, and the one who swallows the most is the biggest man, figuratively if not literally, in that village.

THE BAKER ABROAD.—The French baker is not only required to conform to laws regarding weight, but he is also told at what price he must sell his bread. He is further required to deposit a certain sum of money in the hands of the municipal authorities as a surety of good behavior. In the large fortified cities he has to keep a specified quantity of flour on hand to provide for warlike emergencies. In Germany laws of similar import are in existence, and are enforced with such severity that no baker ever dreams of defying them.

AN ARMENIAN CUSTOM.—A curious custom in Armenia is that of admitting a young man into a guild or corporation of artisans. On the completion of his son's apprenticeship, the father invites the masters of the craft to a feast, and, when the toast of the day is about to be given, the candidate runs to the middle of the room and falls upon his knees. Approaching him, his own master inquires if he is persuaded that he can conscientiously call himself a master-workman, and, upon receiving a reply in the affirmative, boxes the youth's ears three times, and from that moment the lad becomes entitled to have his name enrolled on the strength of the craft and to set up in business on his own account should he care to do so.

PROVERBS OF SAVAGES.—The proverbs of savage races are generally pointed and pithy. The Basutos say: "The thief catches himself;" the Yorubas: "He who injures another injures himself;" the Wolofs: "Before healing others, heal yourself." In Accra they say: "Nobody is a twice fool;" among the Ojii: "The moon does not grow full in a day," "The poor man has no friends." A Pashto proverb says: "A feather does not stick without gum." Others are: "A crab does not bring forth a bird," "A razor cannot shave itself," "Cross the river before you abuse the crocodile," "Truth is only spoken by a strong man or a fool," "Perseverance always triumphs," "The thread follows the needle," "Preparation is better than afterthought."

CHEMISTS are seldom hen-pecked husbands. They have too much experience with retorts.

IF I ONLY KNEW!

BY M. L. V.

If I only knew, love,
What my heart would do, love,
In rain or shine, in fair or stormy weather—
If I could but see, love,
Through thy face to thee, love,
Whether our two souls were knit together!

If I could be sure, love,
That all would endure, love,
Passion never change nor heart grow colder,
Could I see before, love,
What Life has in store, love—
Might my heart be then a little bolder?

But I cannot know, love—
Nothing serves to show, love—
And my fancy wavers, wavers ever;
Therefore let us part, love—
You have not my heart, love,
For true love is wavers, wavers never!

IN PERIL'S MIDST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "BY CROOKED PATHS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

HE threw himself on to the bed in his clothes, and tried to sleep, but without success; and he lay thinking and worrying until he heard Porter come into the bath-room with the water. He hastily undressed himself and called, and that eminently respectable individual came in looking as fresh as if he had retired to rest at ten o'clock instead of five.

"What time is it, Porter?" asked Vane. "I forgot to wind up my watch last night."

Porter did not smile as he replied—

"Half-past ten, sir."

"Right," said Vane, with a ghastly attempt at cheerfulness and ease. "I'll get up at once. Oh, by-the-way," he went on carelessly, "that young gentleman who turned up last night is a cousin—a distant cousin—of mine."

"Yes, sir," said Porter unsuspiciously. And yet Vane, with the guilty conscience, fancied that the man looked at him queerly.

"Yes. The young beggar has been getting into a scrape, and—er—well, he has got to keep out of the way for a time. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," said Porter blandly. He was quite accustomed to keep out of the way for long or short periods. "Oh, yes, sir."

"Just so," said Vane. "So you need not say anything about his being here."

"Is he here, sir?" asked Porter with faint surprise.

Vane nodded carelessly, and simulated a yawn.

"Yes; in the other room. Don't wake him. I'll call him presently. He was tired out last night and dead beat."

"Very good, sir," said Porter. "He did look rather knocked up. I was taken quite aback to see him standing there at that time of night and asking for you."

"Yes," said Vane. "He's a—er—nice boy, quiet and gentlemanly, and won't give you or Mrs. Porter any trouble. In fact, he's rather—er—nervous and timid for a boy."

"He isn't a Tempest, I suppose, sir?" remarked Porter, quite respectfully, but as if the question followed naturally upon Vane's description of his cousin.

"N—o," said poor Vane. "Oh, no; he's a Mortimer."

Porter thought a moment. He knew all the ramifications of the Westleigh and Tempest families, and could not for the moment recall the Mortimer branch.

"My great aunt Emilia married the second cousin of a Mortimer," said Vane desperately.

"Quite so, sir," said Porter, perfectly satisfied. "I see sir."

"I'm very glad you do," thought Vane; "and I hope everyone else will!"

Great heaven! what a life of deception, suspicion, doubt, and anxiety lay before him!

He had his bath and dressed as quickly as possible, and if Porter thought him rather more absent-minded and silent than usual, no doubt that experienced servitor attributed it to the cigars and champagne.

"Shall I serve breakfast for two, or wait, sir?" said Porter, as he was about to leave the room.

"Two. Look here, Porter. I daresay my cousin will be rather nervous this morning, so you'd better put the breakfast on and leave us. He may want to talk to me. Understand?"

"Quite so, sir," assented Porter, and departed.

Feeling like a conspirator in a modern French comedy, Vane went to Nora's door and knocked.

No answer came, and a wild idea shot through him that perhaps she had, in the still watches of the night, realized what she had done, and taken flight.

The thought ought, under the circumstances, to have been almost a welcome one; but somehow it was not, and it sent a chill through him.

He knocked again, and he was conscious of a distinct sense of relief as her low, clear voice answered the summons.

He made his voice as light and careless as he could; but he might have spared himself any anxiety, for there was no feeling of fear or any sort of embarrassement in her mind.

She woke from the deep sleep with the exquisite refreshment of youth and perfect health, and when she entered the sitting-room there were no traces of last night's weariness in her face, and her eyes met his with the brilliance of a mind at peace and full of happiness.

Vane took her hand and shook it in manly fashion; he must learn at once to treat her as boy.

"Slept well?" he asked with an encouraging smile.

She smiled back at him.

"I don't know. I don't remember. I did not wake until you called."

"That's all right," he said cheerfully. "And now sit down and make a good breakfast. I'm afraid you won't find the fish as good as that you have been used to but then it's a long way to the sea, you know."

She sat down and glanced—but not with the stare of vulgarity—at the silver dishes and pretty china, and Vane helped her to some sole and filled her coffee cup. Then he looked at her with veiled curiosity, and, trying to forget her sex, asked himself what chance of success attended their deception.

For a certainty a brunette is more likely to pass for a boy than is a blonde, and Nora's dark hair and colorless face, black eyebrows and long lashes helped her.

But the clean-cut features, the delicately curved lips, and small, well-shaped nose were against her. She looked the prettiest boy that ever was seen; but still, he thought, she might pass; and he reminded himself that, indeed, she had already passed unsuspected, or, at least, undetected, for some time.

"Now look here, Nora——" he began; then he stopped with a laugh that was a very groan. There you are! To commence with, I mustn't call you 'Nora;' in fact I must, we must both, forget that you are, or ever were, 'Nora.'"

"Yes," she said easily; "it is not so very difficult. I had almost forgotten it. So will you," and she nodded encouragingly.

"Oh, I hope so!" he said under his breath. Then he went on aloud—"Well, I've thought it all out, and here is our plan of operations. Last night, you know, when those fellows came in and found you, I said that you were my cousin. Cousin—can you remember?"

"Yes," she said dutifully. "Your cousin."

"Right. And your name I told them was Ernest—Edmund— Good heavens! which was it I told them? Do you remember?"

She shook her head.

"No," she replied placidly, "I don't. I don't think I heard; I was so tired and—and confused, you see."

Vane cudgelled his brain, but could not remember.

"Which name would you prefer?" and he laughed, but there was not much merriment in the laugh.

"Whichever you like best," she responded with a complete abnegation of her will to his, which touched him. "They are both pretty."

"Well, we'll say 'Ernest,' and stick to it," he said. "Ernest Mortimer. You won't forget that? Ernest Mortimer. You are a distant cousin of mine, and you have got into a scrape. Oh, look here, it won't do to say that you were in the Navy because people could make inquiries and put awkward questions. You must have been in the Mercantile Marine, see, Nor—I mean Ernest?"

She inclined her head and smiled.

"Yes, I see," her beautiful eyes fixed on him with rapt intentness.

"If anyone asks you any questions as to the name of your ship and so on, why—oh well, you can put them off. We'll call the ship the Neptune; there must be at least a hundred vessels called by that name."

"Yes," she assented, sipping her coffee.

And as she did so he noticed that she sat at the table and ate and drank with the unexpected refinement of manner and gesture which had so surprised him at the cottage on the cliff. Her every movement was unconsciously and naturally graceful. Anyhow, he would have no difficulty in passing her off as a gentleman.

"As to your parents," he went on, "you can say that they are dead."

"They are," she put in gravely.

"And if anyone asks you what the exact relationship is between us, you must say you don't know."

A gleamed of wit lit up her eyes and her lip curved.

"That will be true any way," she said.

Vane laughed more freely than he had hoped to laugh that morning.

"Yes, but I'm afraid that will be the only truthful item in the catalogue. Never mind, we must stick to it; it's the only thing to do when you are in a scrape—I mean when you are in a corner like this. But this isn't all. You have got to remember—and so have I—that you are my cousin, Ernest Mortimer. I mustn't treat you with even decent politeness—that's the hard portion of my part, Nor—I mean Ernest."

She laughed.

"I don't know," he said, shaking his head. "I shall want to open the door for you when you go out of the room, and hand you a chair, and pass things to you, and all that."

"And it's I who ought to do these things for you, I suppose?" she said. "I'm so much younger than you, and younger still in these clothes. I must call you 'sir,' I suppose?"

"Good heavens, no!" he said quickly. "You must call me 'Vane.'"

She colored—for the first time—and murmured the name under her breath almost shyly.

"That won't do!" he commented energetically. "Try it again out loud, two or three time."

She managed to make it sound natural and unforced at last, and Vane nodded approvingly, and sat thoughtfully silent for a moment or two. There were so many points of manner and behavior to be considered.

"You'll have to learn to lean against things—the mantelpiece and furniture, and that—" he said presently, and stand with your hands in your coat-pockets."

"I know," she said with a smile. "I've learnt that. I've seen the boys and men do it. Look." She got up and assumed the attitude peculiar to youths of her age, and Vane stared at her with surprised approval.

"By George, Nor—confound it! Ernest—you are a born actress—actor! Oh, great goodness, I shall never remember!" and he half laughed and half groan. "I suppose you can't smoke?" he inquired eagerly. "If you could do that——" he stopped.

She colored slightly.

"I have thought of that, and—and I did try a cigarette, but I didn't like it." She made a charming grimace.

"No, no!" said Vane hastily, moved by a compulsion which he did not understand. "We'll do without that. After all, some boys don't smoke—though I'm hanged if I know 'em!" he added. "And, look here, about clothes?" He tugged at his moustache. "You'll have to get some—we'll go and buy 'em this morning. It will be something to do."

"Yes," she said obediently. Then she thought a moment. "I shall only want plain rough clothes to work in."

"To work in?" hr echoed inquiringly.

"Yes," she said. "I am going to work, am I not? I—I could not live here without work—" she looked down gravely. "I—I couldn't be a burden on you as—as I was upon my aunt. I can work like the other boys down at the quay or on board a ship."

Vane felt as if he must jump and yell. He kept his countenance by a great effort.

"Oh, that's all right," he said. "We'll see about that presently. At present, we've got to mind our eye and keep our hair on."

"I've cut mine off!" she said in delicious ignorance of the piece of slang.

Vane laughed.

"I meant that we've got to keep cool and take care we're not detected. We'll see about the work and all that presently. You've got plenty of money, you know."

"Oh, yes!" she said contentedly, as if she had a thousand pounds in her purse instead of a few only.

"Very well," said Vane. "Then we'll start now. Now I'm going to ring the bell, and it will fetch up Mrs. Porter—that's the woman of the house. Don't blush, and—and for heaven's sake look as much like a boy as you can!"

She looked at him gravely.

"You forget that I have been practising, that I am used to it," she said.

He rang, and Mrs. Porter entered. The good woman looked with natural, but respectful, curiosity at the slim figure standing by the mantelshelf, and was evidently somewhat startled by the handsome, delicately-cut face.

Vane laid his hand upon Nora's shoulder in a free-and-easy way.

"This is my cousin, Mr. Ernest Mortimer, Mrs. Porter," he said carelessly. "He is going to stay with me for a time; but I daresay Porter told you?"

"Yes, sir," said Mrs. Porter, with something between a bob and a curtsey. "We will do our best to make you comfortable, sir."

"Thank you," said Nora gravely.

Mrs. Porter was struck by the musical tone of the voice, but not suspicious, for all the Tempests had musical voices, and this young lad was a connection of Mr Vane's.

"Send round for the dog-cart," said Vane. "We shall be home to dinner."

The dog cart came round, and Nora managed to hide her surprise and delight at the beauty of the turn-out. Vane sent the groom away, lest the man, sitting close behind them, should hear him call Nora by her right name, as he was sure to do once or twice at least that morning, and they started.

Nora looked about her with infinite amazement and pleasure.

"How grand, how beautiful it is!" she murmured softly, as they drove past the Park and into Bond-street. "Now I know why people always talk of London as something wonderful. And what a beautiful horse! Do you rent that and the carriage too, Mr. —— I mean, Vane?"

Vane laughed shortly.

"No, they're mine. I'm glad you like them, Ernest. Go on talking—about anything—and get used to calling me Vane. And—and look here, Nor—confound it! Ernest—couldn't you manage to make your voice a little more gruff and like a man's?"

"I'll try," she said, "but that young gentleman I saw last night had a voice as soft as mine."

"Wally? Well, so he has," said Vane, slightly comforted. "That's why they call him the 'Baby'; that and his girlish looks. By George, you'll cut the 'Baby' out!" and he laughed.

He drove to a hosier's—not his own—and ordered a stock of things sufficient for at least six lads, disregarding her whispered remonstrances; then to a bootmaker's—again not his own—and purchased boots, and evening shoes; and lastly, to a ready-made tailor's—he would have liked to take her to Poole's or Johnson's, but dared not risk it—where he purchased a tweed morning suit, and one for evening wear, a velvet smoking coat, etc., etc.; for he couldn't keep his "cousin" shut up in the rooms in Mount-street; he would have to take him about.

"Why, I shall never wear all these things, and they are much too grand and beautiful!" Nora exclaimed as they got into the dog-cart again. "Besides, they are not fit to work in."

"All right," he said with a sigh of relief, for the morning's work had not been without danger. "Don't you worry yourself about it, there's a dear sir—I mean boy. And now I think we'll have a spin through the Park. Thank goodness everybody's out of town, and we're not likely to be seen; though I want you to get used to meeting people and talking to them."

She leant back and looked about her with placid serenity. It was evident that she did not share his anxiety. Why should she be anxious? Was she not with him; sitting beside, within sight of his face, within hearing of his voice? Why, she could touch his sleeve by just stretching out her hand, and without his knowing it.

He glanced at her face presently, and its expression struck him.

"Are you happy, Nor—Ernest?" he asked.

She turned her eyes upon him and smiled, but said not a word.

In this mood they were nearing the Albert Gate, when suddenly Vane uttered an exclamation of annoyance and anxiety.

Nora looked up at him, and, following the direction of his eyes, saw a carriage—a mail phaeton—coming towards them. A lady was driving, a couple of grooms sat behind with folded arms.

The lady had the most beautiful face Nora had ever seen, and she felt her eyes rivetted to it; but notwithstanding, she could see Vane gnawing at his moustache,

and hear him growling under his breath.

"What is the matter?" she asked in a low voice.

"Eh? Oh, here comes a friend of mine," he said, "and—and she's about as sharp as they make 'em. Look here, I don't want to make you nervous, but for goodness sake be careful, that's a dear girl! Perhaps she'll turn off to the right, or won't see us. I hope to heaven she won't!"

But even as he breathed the prayer, Nora saw the lady look their way, saw the exquisitely lovely face change, lighten, soften as it were, and a slow, glorious smile brighten in her eyes.

The smile, the transformation of expression shot through Nora's heart like a dagger stab, though why she could not have told.

"She has seen us," she whispered.

Vane nodded.

"Confound it, yes!"

Nora braced herself together.

"Don't be frightened," she said in a low, calm voice, "I will take care. Tell me her name."

Vane had only just time to mutter "Florence Heathcote" before Lady Florence brought the splendid bays to a standstill beside the dog cart.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LADY FLORENCE had drawn her horses up close enough to enable her to offer her hand to Vane; and Nora noticed, with a woman's quick eye, how small and exquisitely gloved the hand was.

"How do you do, Lady Florence?" said Vane, with the forced cheerfulness and ease which we all put on when we wish to conceal our embarrassment. "I didn't know you were in town. Weren't you going to Eastlake?"

Eastlake was one of Lord Warlock's country places, and at this time of the year was generally occupied by a large shooting party.

"We were to have gone," replied Lady Florence, "but papa is kept in London by some stupid political business. And why are you still in town?"

The expression of pleased surprise which had lit up her face at sight of Vane had disappeared by this time, and she wore the look of calm hauteur and self-possession which ordinarily distinguished her.

Vane laughed.

"Oh, I don't know," he said. "Haven't made up my mind which place to go to yet. Daresay I shall be off somewhere presently. What a jolly day! More like summer than autumn, isn't it? The horses look well."

While he had been speaking Lady Florence had let her glance rest upon Nora, who sat silent and with downcast eyes.

"Yes," assented Lady Florence. There was a pause, then she said—"If you have nothing better to do perhaps you will come and dine with papa to-night. He will be very grateful. We shall be quite alone. You know he has had a slight attack of the gout?"

"So sorry," said Vane. "Thanks, I shall be very pleased." The horses began to fidget, and he seized the excuse to add, "I mustn't keep you; the wind is cold for all the sunshine."

She gathered up the reins and nodded; then she bent forward and asked in a low voice—

"Who is that with you?"

Vane leant forward also.

"A—sort of cousin of mine," he said. "A very distant one. Don't think you ever heard of him. His name is Ernest Mortimer. He is staying with me."

She shook her head slightly as she glanced at Nora.

"Ernest Mortimer? No. What a handsome boy he is!"

"Isn't he?" said Vane with a forced smile. "Don't let him hear you say so, though, for he's a—a nice, modest boy at present; rather too shy, in fact."

Lady Florence smiled.

"Introduce him to me," she said in the same low voice.

Vane turned to Nora.

"My cousin, Mr. Mortimer, Lady Florence," he said. "Lady Florence Heathcote, Ernest."

Lady Florence inclined her head slightly and Nora bowed. As she did so she lifted her great eyes to the beautiful face and met Lady Florence's scrutiny with admirable calmness and presence of mind.

Lady Florence was startled by the beauty of the face into something more than slight surprise.

"We shall be very pleased if you will come with Mr. Tempest to-night, Mr. Mortimer," she said.

Nora did not know whether Vane would wish her to accept or refuse, and glanced at him with a faint embarrassment and hesitated.

Vane tried to think of some excuse, but, as is generally the case, none would present itself.

"Oh, thanks," he said. "Ernest would be very glad, I know; but—well, the fact is he came up rather unexpected and—Did you bring a dress suit with you, Ernest?"

Nora shook her head.

Lady Florence smiled.

"That does not matter," she said graciously. "Please come," and she touched the horses with the ivory-handled whip, and they started forward.

Vane, tugging at his moustache, looked after her.

"Well, we are in for it now!" he exclaimed, with rather an uneasy and anxious laugh.

"Why did you let me go?" murmured Nora. "I need not go now, need I?"

Vane shook his head.

"My dear girl—boy, you don't know what a sacred thing a dinner engagement is. There is no excuse for breaking it, unless you've a serious illness, and—" he glanced at her half comically, half admiringly—"you look in the most perfect health. I hoped the want of a dress suit would save us, but I might have known that Lady Florence wouldn't care a jot for that."

Nora was silent for a minute or two as they drove along, then she said—

"That was a very beautiful lady."

Vane nodded rather absently. He was wondering whether it would be possible for Nora to go through the ordeal before them without discovering her sex.

"Yes, oh yes," he said. "She is one of our belles."

"Belles?" said Nora doubtfully. "Oh, yes, I think I know what that means. And she is a very old friend of yours?"

Vane nodded again.

"Yes," he said. "And I'm sure she'd be a friend to you if——" he paused. "I did think of letting her into our secret——" the sudden expression of fear and repudiation of the idea which flew into Nora's face caused him to break off.

"No, no!" she breathed.

"All right," he said soothingly. "It was only an idea, and didn't last for more than a moment. I saw that it wouldn't do. We mustn't take anyone into our confidence, eh, Ernest?"

"No, no," she said again.

"And you mustn't be nervous to-night," Vane went on. "There will only be Lord Warlock and Lady Florence."

"Who is Lord Warlock?" asked Nora.

"Her father. He is an earl."

"And what must I call him?" she inquired. "Tell me what I am to do, and I will remember. You know I never forget anything."

"I know. Well, you must call him 'Lord Warlock,' not 'my lord,' or 'earl.' And Lady Florence you must address as 'Lady Florence,' not 'Lady Florence Heathcote.' See?"

Nora nodded, her eyes fixed intently before her.

"Anything else? Tell me everything you can think of. I shall not be nervous or afraid. Why should I be? No one has found me out as yet, and they shall not." She set her teeth hard, and frowned up at him in a manner that made Vane smile.

"Let me see. Oh, when Lady Florence rises after dinner you must open the door for her, and whenever she leaves the room you must, if you are near, open the door." He thought for a moment. "Oh, and don't forget to get up from your chair if she is standing; and be polite to her, but not too polite. It's rather difficult to make it plain, you see."

"I shall soon learn," she said. "I shall watch you."

"That's right," said Vane encouragingly, though she did not seem to need encouraging. "By-the-way, what would you do if I were found out?"

She was a silence a moment, then she said very quietly—

"I don't know yet; I will think."

Vane had been driving about rather aimlessly, and presently found himself at the top of Piccadilly and opposite the Cavaliers club. He was about to touch up the horse and hurry past when two or three men came down the steps of that palatial building. Amongst them was Lord Wally, and at sight of the dog-cart he held up his hand, and came towards it. Vane pulled up, and tried to look pleasantly unconcerned, but managed to whisper "Take care" to Nora.

"Hallo, old chappie," said the "Baby," "Awfully glad to see you. How are you this morning? Have you heard about the row we got into last night when we left you? Come inside, and I'll tell you. How do you do?" he nodded in his pleasant, genial way to Nora. "We must put you down for the Cavaliers, Mortimer. Take it all round, it's the best and liveliest club in London, isn't it, Vane? Come on, both of you. Don't tell me you don't want a drink; you both looked parched. Dacre will stand a bottle of Pomeroy; won't you, Dacre? You can afford a whole case after last night."

Sir Clement Dacre and Lord Clenham had sauntered up by this time, and had exchanged greetings. Vane could see that they were all looking with polite curiosity at Nora, and he would have liked to have fled from them; but he reflected that he could not always take refuge in flight, and, with an internal groan, tossed the reins to Lord Clenham's groom, and got down. He was just in the act of turning and offering his hand to Nora, but she had evidently more self-possession than he, and more clearly realised the situation, for she sprang from the cart, and, sticking one hand in her jacket pocket, followed him without an observable tremor.

They went up the steps and into the hall, and Lord Wally advanced to the visitors' book, which lay on a side table. "Just put your name down, will you, Mortimer?" he said, holding out a pen.

Nora stopped short and looked round for Vane, who had been covertly watching her.

"All right, 'Baby,'" he said. "Mortimer hurt his hand in the rigging of his ship. I'll put him down," and he wrote his own name and of Ernest Mortimer, feeling that every step he took plunged them deeper into the quagmire.

"Come this way," said "Baby" to Nora, with a pleasant tone of welcome in his girlish voice, and he led her to the smoking-room.

As everybody knows, the smoking-room of the Cavaliers is a vision of decorative beauty, and Nora was lost for a moment in an amazed admiration, which Lord Wally noticed with pleasure and pride.

"Not a bad room, eh?" he said. "I'll show you the dining and drawing room. The card rooms are not so dusty, either. Will you have a cigar?"

"Thank you," said Nora, "but I don't smoke."

The announcement, as much as the voice in which it was made, caused Lord Wally to open his eyes.

"Not smoke? Really! How—how rum! You will have something to drink, though. Soda and whisky, sherry, maraschino?"

Nora wondered which she ought to choose, and hesitated, but Vane came to her assistance.

"Try the club sherry, Ernest," he said from where he sat with Dacre and Clenham.

"Thanks. I'll have sherry," said Nora, with an imperceptible sigh of relief.

The footman, in the chaste but expensive club livery, brought the various drinks on a massive silver salver—the Cavaliers were famous for their plate—and she dropped in a chair with a very fair imitation of some of the others, but could not bring herself to lounge quite as far back as Lord Wally did.

"Not bad sherry, eh?" he said to her, wriggling his chair nearer. "Glossop chooses all our wines. No one can get over Glos in the matter of a vintage. I say, I'm sorry you didn't turn up earlier last night," he went on in his clear treble. "We had rare fun at Tempest's. Splendid fellow, isn't he?" he added in a lowered tone.

Nora nodded, and her eyes sparkled. Lord Wally could not have found a nearer road to her heart than by this praise of her hero.

"There's nobody like him!" went on Wally, leaning forward and speaking in a confidential tone. "Best rider, best shot, best all-round man in London! And the kindest. Don't know what would have become of me heaps of times if it hadn't been for Tempest."

"He seems very kind," said Nora guardedly.

Lord Wally laughed in scorn of the mild assent.

"Kind! I should think so. Wait till you know him better. But I forgot. You are a cousin of his, aren't you?"

"Very distant," said Nora, with an admirable shrug of her shoulders. "I don't know him very well. This is my first visit to London," she added discreetly.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Lord Wally. "Really, I say, though! Look here, we must show you about, you know. I do wish you had been with us last night. We all of us nearly got run in."

"Run in?" repeated Nora inquiringly.

Lord Wally started.

"Oh, I say, you know, you really are delightfully fresh! I beg your pardon," as a faint color of alarm rose to Nora's face, "I mean taken in custody."

"It is all right," said Nora as boyishly as she could. "The fact is I—I've been abroad for years, for a very long time, and I don't know how you talk in London."

"I see," said Wally. Don't be uneasy; you'll soon learn."

"Yes, I shall soon learn," assented Nora naively.

"But I wanted to tell you of our spree last night. When we left Tempest's we walked, all of us, up to Oxford street, and by good luck I spotted a hot potato can. We made Dacre buy the lot; all the rest of us were stone-broke, for of course he and Clenham won everything last night. They always do. He bought the lot for half-a-crown."

"How hungry you must have been," said Nora innocently. "Potatoes, didn't you say they were?"

Lord Wally stared at her in a kind of despair.

"Oh, I say, aren't you playing it a bit too low down on me, Mortimer? Did you think we wanted them to eat? he inquired.

"Why, what else could you want them for?" Nora demanded, arching her brows and looking as puzzled as the "Baby."

"To eat!" cried Wally shrilly. "No! They were to shy at the passing cabs, of course. We had a sovereign 'sweep'—the fellow who nagged the most cabman to take the pool. See?"

Nora stared in blank amazement; then her eyes sparkled and she laughed, the musical laugh which issued so rarely from her clean-cut lips. Something in the ring of it struck a note of sympathy in the "Baby's" bosom, and he laughed and nodded at Nora approvingly.

"Good fun, wasn't it?"

"Who won?" asked Nora.

"Oh, I did," he replied modestly. "I wish I was as good at poker as at potato-shying. I'd get some of my coin back from Dacre and the rest. But the fun did not end then there. We squared all the cabmen but one, and he, the surly old pig, didn't see it, and wanted to give us in charge for assault."

"Well?" said Nora, deeply interested.

"Well, it looked serious for a time, and I thought it meant spending the rest of the morning in 'chokee,' but Clenham saved us. Look here,' he said. Drive us to the station, cabby, me and my friend,' meaning me, for I'd hit the cabby; and in we got. Of course we got out without troubling to stop the cab, and I'd have given the coin I won to see that Cabby's face when he got to Bow-street. Perhaps the sovereign I left on the seat for him put him all right, though. Good, wasn't it?"

"Very," said Nora gravely. "I'm sorry I wasn't there."

"So am I," said Wally heartily. "But, I say, isn't it time for lunch? Come along. Oh, never mind Tempest; he's all right," he added, as Nora glanced across towards Vane.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SEA GIVING UP ITS SHIP.—The unexpected is said always to happen, and the following facts are a curious illustration of that statement.

The Norwegian barque Elsa Anderson recently arrived in port with a strange derelict in tow. This was an English-built brig, which had, judging by the rig, etc., been at the bottom of the sea since early in the century.

When off the Faroe Islands last February, there was an upheaval of the ocean, which nearly swamped the Elsa, and soon afterwards, about a mile away, was seen a strange, uncanny-looking craft. The Elsa Anderson approached, and ultimately took her in tow.

The vessel which had been so curiously brought to the surface by the submarine disturbance was covered with a myriad of sea-shells, and resembled one of those miniature vessels overlaid with shell-work often seen at seaside places.

The brig was boarded and found to contain very little water in the hold. In the captain's berth were several iron-bound chests, the contents of which had been reduced, to a pulp, except a leather bag, so hardened as to require an axe to open it.

Inside, guineas, bearing the date 1809, to the value of $5,000, were found. There were also discovered several watches and pearls, etc., rendered valueless by the action of the water, and about the neck of one of three skeletons found on board was a gold chain, attachment to which was a silver crucifix and rosary.

AMY: "Young Mr. Dolley has proposed to me." Mabel: "Of course you accepted him?" Amy: "Well, no. I expected to do so; but in his proposal he used an irreconcilable figure of speech, and I thought I could not risk my life's happiness with him. He said, 'Amy, will you walk with me down the stream of life?' If he had even said 'wade down the stream of life,' I could have accepted him; but the idea of walking in the water!"

NIGHT.

BY SHIRLEY WYNNE.

How gently o'er the drowsy earth
God draws the veil of sleep!
How softly the aerial dews
The leaves and blossoms steep!
O world-worn heart, O careful breast,
O tired eyes, ye too may rest!

'Tis in the night, the starry night,
When all is still and sweet,
Good angels in Sleep's holy land
With human spirits meet.
O souls whom earthly woes o'erwhelm
Ye too may find this blessed realm!

No sound is heard, save that yon stream
Still murmurs to the air,
Like some soft interceding voice
That prays a patient prayer.
O sleepless eyes, O wakeful heart,
For you remains this noblest part!

An Only Child.

BY MRS. H. W.

CHAPTER VI.

THE two young ladies themselves were not deceived. Alone with Charlotte Chenevix, and he never addressed to her a gallant word, or gave her an admiring look; it was only in the presence of others that his paraded attentions were bestowed on her. And in these attentions, when they came to be analysed, there was nothing tangible—nothing that a bystander could construe into a proof of love. Now mark the difference.

When he and Miss Vereker were in company of others, he never distinguished her by a word or by the most remote attention; but in those stolen interviews, which had been accidental and not sought on Georgina's part, every tone, every glance was calculated to betray that he was seeking her heart to plant in it a love for him.

But he had not told her so in words; Georgina was honest and open as the day, and he knew that to speak yet, to speak before his time came, before she was wholly his in mind and heart, would have been to frustrate all his plans.

Mine hostess of the Cross Keys deemed she was imparting an agreeable bit of gossip when she spoke of Miss Vereker's fortune and how it was left; she little thought that she was telling him what he already knew, and had known since the second or third day of his arrival.

No, no, he was too wily to risk the loss of Georgina and her fortune by prematurely asking her to marry him or telling her he loved her; that must come when he had made his way sure, and held her future in his own hands.

And there he was now, essaying to wind himself and his coils more deeply in her heart, retaining in his that slender hand which had been timidly proffered to him in greeting, leaning down until his honeyed tones, intangible though their words might be, almost seemed to come in contact with her blushing cheek, as he turned to walk side by side with her on that sunny June day.

On one side of their path lay the hedge, with its sweet wild roses wafting around their perfume; on the other was the field of long mowing grass, soon to come to the scythe; above them were the joyous sun, the blue sky, and the balmy air; and pleasant though these accessories were, it was to ordinary eyes but an ordinary path, yet to Georgina Vereker it seemed as one cast in the garden of Eden.

Ask not wherefore, you who have loved, but remember, if the world's cares have not seared that remembrance from you, the days that followed the awaking of the passion in your own bosoms.

"Georgina," observed her mother to her that same evening, "do you think matters will soon be settled between Mr. Lindon and Charlotte Chenevix?"

Georgina turned away hiding her flushed face from her mother, as she constrained herself to say that she did not think Mr. Lindon loved Charlotte Chenevix.

"Why do you not think so? Upon what grounds?" was the quick rejoinder of Mrs. Vereker.

Georgina could not say: "Because he loves me," for Richard Lindon had not told her of his love; and had he done so, she could not have imparted it to any human being, not even to her own mother. She tell of that new passion, which was concealed in every crevice of her heart, a passion that was rendering her life a heaven, she with her shrinking sensitiveness!—when do the young ever do so?

"My opinion is, and I speak from his avowed sentiments to me," continued Mrs. Vereker, "that Charlotte Chenevix will be his chosen wife."

Georgina thought her mother was mistaken; nevertheless, a sharp pang shot across her heart at the prophecy, proving how completely it was being enthralled. And Mrs. Vereker, woe for her! was soon to be undeceived.

* * * * * *

There were sounds in Mrs. Vereker's house as of weeping and wailing; there was a sharp altercation, never yet heard there; there were prayerful entreaties, ay, and ventured threats on the one side, and there was fixed determination, that would not be overcome, on the other.

On that hot August day—strange that Mrs. Vereker could have been so long blind!—it all came out. Mr. Lindon made his proposals for Georgina in due form, and the shock fell upon the startled mother like a thunderbolt.

She scarcely heard him to an end; she instantly and haughtily rejected him, but he persisted; and as she grew positive, he grew bold; bolder than a suitor for a daughter ought to be.

"It will be useless to deny her to me," he said in his hardiness; "her heart and will are mine. She had made her choice, Mrs. Vereker, and you must sanction it."

"Must sanction it!" cried the outraged lady. "Sir! you forgot yourself. My daughter never shall be yours."

He had all but retorted that she had no control in the matter, that Miss Vereker was her own mistress, but he closed his lips on the offensive words.

"I will look in again in the evening, madam," he said; "by which time I trust your feeling towards me will be softened. Meanwhile, speak with your daughter; you will, I flatter myself, find that her affections are irrevocably mine; and you surely will not be the one to thrust unhappiness upon her."

Mr. Lindon took his departure, and Georgina Vereker was before her mother. It was as Richard Lindon had asserted; her heart and mind had become wholly his; her hopes were entwined with his hopes, her entire life was wrapped up in his life. He had employed his time and his powers of attraction well.

She could see no fault in him; she could not believe that he ever had or ever would have one; to her he seemed perfection, a something between a saint and a high-souled cavalier; and she could imagine no lot so favored on earth, as that of one who might be permitted to spend it as the companion of him. They do well who represent love as blind.

Oh that miserably mistaken system of over-indulgence!—of never contradicting a child until it becomes your master! Georgina had never been denied a wish—how could she understand denial now? Sounds of weeping and wailing? Yes, but they came from Mrs. Vereker. Georgina was agitated and pale, but she was firm in her own will.

"Child!" cried Mrs. Vereker, "he can never make you happy. He is a bad man, a wicked man: I see it in every turn of his countenance, and in the glance of his keen eye. To marry this man will be to rush on to your destruction."

"You are prejudiced against him," was the reply of Georgina. "You did not say this when you fancied he was going to marry Charlotte Chenevix."

"That was in the earlier period of our acquaintance, when I had had little time to mark and observe him. I have not thought lately that his attentions were given to Charlotte Chenevix, or I would have imparted to Mr. Chenevix my unaccountable antipathy to him. God forgive me for not discovering that his thoughts were directed to you."

"What can you urge against him?" asked the girl, in a low tone.

"Georgina," replied her mother, "the very fact of his being a stranger to us should ensure your refusal of him. What do we know of this man—of his connections—of his former life?"

But Mrs. Vereker might as well have talked to the winds. Georgina was as firm as she was; and in the evening, when Mr. Lindon was again present, the discussion had not terminated.

"How can you dare," cried Mrs. Vereker, passionately, "to come between this child and her mother? Know you not that she is all I have in the world—that for her sake alone I have cared to live? You will never bring her happiness—you are not calculated to do it."

"Of that your daughter is the best judge," replied Mr. Lindon, biting his lips to restrain the passion that was rising.

"I do not believe you truly care for her," retorted Mrs. Vereker. "A fortune such as Georgina's is no slight attraction to the unprincipled."

"Oh mother! mother!" burst from the pale lips of Georgina.

"Child!" cried Mrs. Vereker, giving full vent to her excitement, and passing over towards Mr. Lindon, "how we stand, side by side; the mother who bore you, who tended you, who cherished you; your idolizing mother, who has never had a word for you save that of love; your poor mother, whose race in life must soon be over; and he, this acquaintance of a few weeks; this man you would call husband, we stand before you, choose between us."

It was a trying moment. Georgina pushed the curls from her heated forehead; she essayed to utter words, but they would not issue from her trembling lips; she turned from one to the other in her moment of anguish. And then that man, her betrothed, advanced with a sudden impulse, and clasped her to his heart. She looked imploringly at her mother, and burst into an impetuous flood of tears; but she clung to him.

CHAPTER VII.

SOON after the marriage, which of course took place, strange rumors stole into the village respecting Mr. Lindon. The first came from a former pupil of Mr. Chenevix, now a lawyer in London, and who came down to pass a day with his old master.

Singular things come out sometimes, especially to lawyers, and this gentleman happened to know the history of Richard Lindon. The lad he had placed with Mr. Chenevix, as his ward, Harry Lindon, was his son, and the boy's mother, with her numerous offspring, was not his wife, though she ought to have been. Other facts to his disadvantage he also mentioned.

"Don't you think you are mistaken?" uttered the disturbed Rector, as a hundred painful ideas flashed conflictingly upon his mind. "Perhaps there are two Richard Lindons. He married only last autumn, a sweet girl whom you may remember, Miss Vereker."

"May God help her, then!" uttered the guest. "He is one of the greatest villians that ever walked. Ah! it is her money, then, is it, that he has been dipping into so freely lately!"

The Rector kept his own counsel, though he could no longer hope that this informant was mistaken; but rumor to the same effect arose from other sources, and some of them at length reached the ear of Mrs. Vereker.

It was whispered, no one could exactly say whence the report arose, that he made Georgina a most wretched husband; that he was dissipating her fortune in the pursuit of every known vice, which to add to his iniquity, he did not conceal from her. The whole of these tales did not reach Mrs. Vereker, but certain vague hints did, quite sufficient to render her life one of suspense and anxiety.

Who can describe that lonely woman's unhappiness from the time of her daughter's wedding-day? Not an evening passed that she did not shed tears of regret after her darling child; not an hour wore on, but she thought of her ingratitude (as she could not help calling it) with a sharp, ever-recurring pang; not a moment, but she was tormented with fears that her child had embraced a lot of misery.

She had expected and hoped to be invited to London to see her in her new home; she told Georgina in her letter how she wished for it; but the latter never gave the invitation, nay, rather repressed her idea of coming.

But as the months wore on, it seemed to Mrs. Vereker that she could bear the separation and the incertitude no longer; and as the autumn leaves fell from the trees to the ground, like her own old withered hopes, she wrote letter after letter to her daughter, imploring her to come home, if but for ever so short a time, and let her see her once again.

Those leaves were long ago gone, and the naked branches covered with snow, ere Georgina answered her mother's prayer; and perhaps it would not have been answered then, but that illness had seized upon Mrs. Vereker. Caused chiefly by distress of mind, the doctors said when they wrote to Mrs. Lindon, and it might be, they added, that she was close upon death.

But oh! mistake not Georgina. The one infatuated hasty act of her life, the quitting her mother's home for a stranger of whom she knew nought, save his honied words, had been bitterly atoned for, and no child ever yearned as she did to throw herself into the sheltering arms of a parent. But how could she appear in her early home, and betray what was her unhappy life—she with her broken spirit, her pale, sad face, and her wasted form? She had shrunk from adding certainty to the fears of that ill-requitted mother; alas, that it must be done now.

She came home alone. Her husband did not accompany her. Business detained him in London, she said, as she sank, with a paroxysm of sobs that belied her words, upon her mother's bosom. Her old friends and acquaintance looked on her with an aching heart; if ever despair was written legibly on a countenance, it was written on hers.

They did not question her; they would not appear to notice her changed looks; they only inquired with frigid politeness after Mr. Lindon, and hoped he was well. Poor Mr. Chenevix, divided between his wish to express a silent sympathy for her, and a fear to discover that he knew more of her domestic sorrows than she would like, nearly betrayed himself; for as he stroked down the shining hair on either side her head, a favorite action of his when she was a young and happy girl, she suddenly looked up at him and saw the tears running down his cheeks.

Even her mother forbore to question her. She observed that Georgina strove to appear cheerful before her, as if fearful that otherwise such questioning might take place. So they talked mostly upon indifferent matters.

"Georgina," began Mrs. Vereker to her one day, "have you ever been down to Brasebrook—I think they call the spot, near London—to see Mr. Lindon's relatives there? Harry Lindon's mother, you know."

What could there be in this simple question thus to have excited Georgina? She did not answer, but she raised her hands to her face to shade the most burning color that had for months appeared there.

In vain she struggled with her agitation; in vain she strove to repress the sobs that rose from her very heart; it would not do, and she clung to her mother, and sobbed hysterically.

"My child," gasped forth the unhappy lady, "I have forborne to question you; I have neither blamed nor soothed; but I have not the less seen what is your unhappy lot. Tell me all. You are but a child yet, Georgina, a child of nineteen, and I have well-nigh numbered threescore years and ten. Who so fitting to soothe your cares? Tell me all, Georgina, as you would have done when you were a little child."

"Mother, I shall never tell you," was the answer, and it seemed to be wrung from a breaking heart. "I chose my own lot, chose it in defiance of you, the truest and dearest friend I possessed on earth, and I must abide by it. Outraged, insulted, thwarted though I may be, what have I to do but bear?"

"We will live together as of old, Georgina," murmured Mrs. Vereker. "My home shall be your home, my affection your abiding-place. You shall never go again to that city, with its deceit and its wicked ways—you shall never again be subjected to ill-treatment from him. It was a sad mistake, my child, but I will endeavor to atone to you for it."

"Mother!" exclaimed Mrs. Lindon, starting up, and throwing her hair wildly back—the same curls that she had once before pushed from her heated brow in avowing, though not by words, her love for that bad man—"mother, do not tempt me with a vision of peace that for me can never be realized. He is my husband, and I must return to him."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE time dragged itself slowly on, months upon months, and oh! what a home was Georgina's! "Outraged, insulted, thwarted!" she had said to her mother; ay, and she was more than all these.

Her fortune was quite dissipated, and her husband in debt, so that he moved her about from one obscure lodging to another, that he might escape the annoyance of duns.

It was a common thing for him not to return home at all, night after night, or perhaps he would come when the cold gray of the winter morning was beginning to dawn, and she had to rise from her bed on the third floor, and go downstairs, shivering, to let him in, and to meet his abuse.

Intoxicated he would generally be—what else, save his not being in his sober senses, could have induced even a demon tauntingly to relate to an innocent wife the particulars of the scenes in which he

had passed the night? Her charms had long ceased to attract him, he would insultingly say to her; and she would cross her meek arms upon her bosom, and pray for patience to bear.

But even this treatment, bad as it was, grew to worse. For the last twelve months—and they had been married between two and three years now—she had been in the frequent habit, in obedience to his imperious commands, often threats, of writing to Mrs. Vereker for money, and that lady had responded to these demands to an extent which had seriously impoverished herself. She therefore said that she would supply no more, especially as she had reason to believe that the whole of it went to support Mr. Lindon in his shameless habits; but she urgently entreated Georgina to abandon her miserable home, and to return to that of her childhood. This letter was addressed to Mrs. Lindon; it was intended for her eye alone; but Mr. Lindon—as if such a man could possess honor or scruples—took it from the postman, broke the seal, and read it. His conduct to his wife after this was worse than any she had yet experienced; blows, even, he had more than once the cowardice to resort to. It was about this period, also, that he introduced to her, in spite of her remonstrances, certain companions of his own sex; they overwhelmed her with their attentions; they spoke to her of sympathy for her sufferings; of redress; they breathed in her ear specious counsels. One or two of them were attractive as she had once thought him; nevertheless, she shrank from them. She had occasion once to complain to her husband of their conduct, and he answered her with a strange, mocking answer—an answer which brought the life-blood into her cheeks, and she retorted by asking whether he had forgotten that she was his wife? Wife, he answered, sneeringly, he believed to his sorrow she was, but he had long thought he should be better without her. Georgina pressed her hands upon her eyes, and stifled the anger that would have arisen to her lips, but her indignant feelings were almost goaded to madness.

CHAPTER IX.

MRS. VEREKER was in London. For five weeks had she heard nothing from Georgina; her own letters to her had remained unanswered, and unable to support the nameless fears that oppressed her, she, old and unfitted for the journey as she was, resolved to make it.

Upon her arrival in town, she drove at once to the address last given by her daughter. She was almost, not quite, prepared for its mean appearance; but the occupier of the house, a decent-looking woman enough, told her she knew nothing of the movements of Mrs. Lindon.

"Is she not lodging here?" inquired Mrs. Vereker.

"She has left these several weeks past," returned the landlady. "She left her husband one night and never came back. Ah, madam, I have my fears—but whatever may have happened, Mr. Lindon is to blame. I was thankful when I got rid of him, though he did not leave for three weeks afterwards; he is a bad, wicked man."

What did the landlady mean, Mrs. Vereker asked; but the landlady would explain herself no further; she might get into trouble by speaking her thoughts, she observed; and after all she was not sure.

"I will give you this five-pound note," exclaimed Mrs. Vereker, "and thank you gratefully for all you may have done for my child when she was here; only, if you have any clue to her, for the love of heaven give it me."

"You surely cannot be that young lady's mother!" exclaimed the landlady.

"I am her mother," replied Mrs. Vereker. "I see you think me too old, but I did not marry until late in life; and I look older than I really am, for recent cares have helped to age my face. Oh, if you possess it, give me the clue to find my child."

"I have no clue, indeed," returned the landlady, in a compassionate voice. "I know that her husband was a perfect brute to her, and if—if she should have gone wrong," she continued, cautiously, "he drove her to it. But I know nothing scarcely, ma'am; and he should not have known that till this morning. My son is an upper servant in a gentleman's family, and he called here to-day, and it was he told me."

"Told what?" gasped Mrs. Vereker.

"Well, ma'am, he saw a lady last night at the Opera, all blazing with jewels, and it was Mrs. Lindon. And the gentleman who put her into a carriage, and got in with her, was one of them fashionable rakes that used to come here when her husband was away."

Mrs. Vereker turned from the house, faint and sick at heart.

On the next Opera night, in the midst of all the blaze of light, beauty and diamonds, in a box so placed as to command a good view of the general company, sat, partially hidden by a drawn curtain, a worn, white-haired woman.

She was accompanied only by a gentleman who looked like a solicitor, and those who caught a glimpse of her perhaps wondered what she did there. It was Mrs. Vereker. Never for a moment was her heart still—beating, beating; never were her eyes tired of watching the many lovely countenances, especially those who were but then entering.

And now—now, at a distance, almost too far for her dim sight, she saw a form which seemed strangely familiar, adorned with satin and lace and glittering jewels; the face was a very lovely one; its luxuriant hair was wreathed in bands; a damask color, not too deep, sat on the cheeks, beautiful, most beautiful to look at, but false as she was—and that face was the face of Georgina Vereker.

Of Georgina Lindon, rather. But it wore a look widely different from that her mother had ever seen there. That old, white-haired woman rose silently, and tottered from the box she had occupied, preceded by her solicitor. He took her to another part of the house, lonely and quiet, and he bade her to wait while he fetched her daughter to her. Once more they stood face to face, the mother, and the misguided child.

"Georgina," utter the former, kneeling her in bitter desperation, "the world would condemn and shun you, but I will only cling the closer. Leave all this wretchedness, and come home with me."

"Mother, mother," she answered, burying her face in her hands, "I was goaded to madness, and I became what you see. You must leave me to my fate; a career such as mine, once entered upon admits not of retreat. Forget that you ever possessed a child."

"Do you know what that career leads to?" moaned the unhappy mother. "Do you remember that it brings destruction?"

"Ay, both to body and soul. I tell you I was mad when I rushed upon it. But revenge on him seemed sweet."

Mrs. Vereker wrung her hands, the scalding tears blinding her sight as she spoke:

"Come to your early home, come back with me, my child; and for the remainder of your days find peace on earth."

"Peace!" uttered Georgina, "say, rather, scorn. Rich and poor, good and bad, would shun me now. Do you think I would willingly encounter that, in the place where they knew me a little child? No, no; retreat from me is impossible. Farewell, mother, mother! Forget me from this hour; or should your thoughts ever turn to me, pray that the fate which must inevitably be mine may fall speedily. I would now that my heart were broken."

Mrs. Vereker stretched out her arms piteously as Georgina retreated, her jewels glittering as she walked. A wild cry escaped her lips, but she was powerless to stop her. At that cry, Georgina turned. Perhaps she would have gone back to her mother, for she seemed to hesitate, when at the same moment, one of those stylish men who had been with her in the box, advanced and drew her with him.

Again she resumed her seat in it, he by her side, and others round her. Her mother watched it all—the dazzling beauty, the free manners, the painted face of her only child; and, as she looked, a sensation of sudden faintness stole over her; a film came across her eyes; and remembrance, as a vision, rose before her, carrying her back to that child's infancy, when she was lying, as they thought, upon her dying bed. And now came the mother's punishment.

What was it she had then prayed for? God had been about to take the child; to remove her from the evils days to come; and she, the mother, in her blind want of faith, had prayed, "Spare the child's life to gladden me. Not Thy will, Lord, but mine done!"

Oh, surely He was a God of love. He had foreseen a future for the child, that she was, could not; and He had been willing, in His great mercy, to take her to Him then in her innocence. And look at that child, at the thing she has become, living without God; scarcely hoping to come to Him hereafter. Oh, that Mrs. Vereker could exchange this fearful scene before her for that early death-bed! She moaned aloud as she sank upon her knees, and raised her hands to heaven in her bitter repentance, offering upwards words almost as sinful as were those of that early prayer:

"Oh, Father, Father! why didst Thou listen to me—why save my child from that happy death to destroy her now? Punish, punish me if Thou wilt: but, oh! find a means to save the soul of my misguided child!"

No—no; it was not to be. There sat Georgina, in her destructive beauty; and there knelt Mrs. Vereker, in her repentant, hopeless despair. The faintness that had been stealing over her seemed to increase till she lost all consciousness, and ——she awoke.

Mrs. Vereker awoke. The clock was on the stroke of midnight, and she found that she must have slept nearly four hours. Exhausted by grief, she had dropped asleep upon her bed, soon after uttering the short-sighted, rebellious prayer which had so pained Mr. Chenevix; had dreamed that Mr. Rice came into the room saying the child would live, had dreamed all the rest of that long dream.

Not so elaborately as it is given here in its details, but all its essential points. Gradually, as her waking recollection grew perfect, she became aware, with an intensity of relief she could never describe, that it was but a dream—that the time of that early death-bed was indeed present, not past; that Georgina was still but a child, secure in her early innocence, not yet grown up to encounter the cares and seductions of the world; and, full of anguish as the dream was, she knew that God had sent it to her in His mercy.

She rose quietly, the perspiration still streaming down her face from the mental pain she had undergone. Mr. Chenevix had long left the house. One attendant only was in the room, and she was fast asleep in the easy-chair. Slipping on a warm covering, Mrs. Vereker stole to Georgina's room. Poor little innocent face! it was white now, and its eyes were closed, sleeping calmly the sleep of death. They had already prepared her for the grave; not to be disturbed again until she should be moved to her coffin.

Mrs. Vereker looked at her, as well as she could look for the tears. Not with the rebellious feelings of the former hours, but with a spirit of gratitude and thankfulness, although she knew that all her interest in life was over. Silently she sank upon her knee at the bed-side, and once more another prayer went up to God's throne:

"Father! Father! pardon me for my unteachable spirit, that would have rebelled against Thee. Give me strength to bear patiently this affliction that Thou hast seen fit to send; and enable me, enable all Thy creatures here, under whatsoever chastening of Thine, to say, 'Thy will be done on earth, as it is in Heaven.'"

[THE END.]

SELF-FORGETTING LOVE.—We make a great mistake in treating the affections and emotions of human nature as if they were goods to be bought and sold on equal terms of exchange. No one of course admits this in words; yet, when we selfishly complain of or secretly harbor the thought that we have received less than we gave in love or service, in sympathy or good-will, what other construction can it bear? To reproach another, even in thought, with giving us less confidence or sympathy or love than we have given to him is simply to show that we know nothing of the nature of these sweet affections. Their freedom is their life. We may injure them, we may destroy them, but never by pressure or compulsion can we force them to flow in any channel but their own. It is very true that love begets love, but that is not the selfish love that is ever grasping, but the generous and self-forgetting love which pours itself forth gladly and abundantly without a thought of return. That is the love which wins love from every one, not consciously or intentionally, but naturally and freely, because no one can help it.

SOMETIMES A COLD WILL NOT YIELD to ordinary remedies, because of the severe inflammation of the delicate lining of the tubes through which the air we breathe is distributed to the lungs. This condition produces Pain and Soreness, Hoarseness, Cough, Difficulty of Breathing, Hectic Fever, and a Spitting of Blood, Matter or Phlegm, finally exhausting the strength of the patient, and developing very serious disease. Dr. Jayne's Expectorant seldoms fails to remove these symptoms, by relieving the lungs of all obstructing matter, and healing all soreness. Pleurisy, Asthma and Bronchitis, are likewise cured by this standard remedy, and the reputation it has maintained for so many years, affords the best guaranty of its merit.

Scientific and Useful.

RUST.—To prevent rust of iron or steel, immerse or wash the article for a few minutes with a solution of carbonate of potash or soda.

COATING.—A good water and acid proof coating for wooden trays: Four parts resin, one part gutta-percha, and a little boiled oil melted together.

LUMINOUS PAINT.—The principle upon which luminous paint is made has been taken a step farther by an intelligent Parisian chemist, who has invented a powerful luminous liquid which he uses for printing instead of printing ink; when dry the printed matter throws off a sufficiently strong light to enable it to be read in the dark.

COLD CHISELS.—To temper cold chisels, heat them at a low heat so as not to raise a scale; dip in a brine of clear salt and water—about one pound of salt to a gallon of water. Leave heat enough in the tool to run the temper down to a required hardness, which is shown by the pigeon-blue color. Take care to make the chisel so about that it will not spring in the using.

BRASS.—Brass is perhaps the best known and most useful alloy. It is formed by fusing together copper and zinc. Different proportions of these metals produce brasses possessing very marked distinctive properties. The portions of the different ingredients are seldom precisely alike; these depend upon the requirements of various uses for which the alloys are intended. Peculiar qualities of the constituent metals also exercise influence on the results.

TO TRANSFER ENGRAVINGS TO GLASS.—Coat the glass with dammar varnish, letting it dry till it becomes quite sticky—it should stand nearly two days; then wet the paper in soft water, and carefully lay it on the glass, rubbing it with the finger gently to expel air-bubbles, the engraving side in contact with the varnish. Let the paper dry for a day, then with the wetted finger rub off the paper from the back. The whole paper can be thus removed, leaving the ink on the varnish. Coat the glass with another layer of varnish, which makes it more transparent.

Farm and Garden.

THE TANK.—When the tank is full, throw the wind mill out of gear. No use making a nasty slop all round the tower, besides, it will be apt to rot the posts.

FERTILITY.—The best way to prevent farm depreciation, and maintain its value, is to keep up the fertility. A fertile farm will always sell readily, and bring a good price, even when other farms adjoining can be bought at low figures.

DIFFERENT KINDS.—The manure from different kinds of stock, fed in different ways, will be widely different in quality. It is a good plan to have a manure pit so arranged that all can be thrown in together and thoroughly mixed before being put out to the field.

WEEDS.—A weed is anything growing on a farm that you do not want. For that reason only clean seed should be used. By beginning the eradication of weeds through the inspection of the seed one-half of the work will be accomplished in the beginning of the season.

ORCHARDS.—Time flies very rapidly Put out an orchard, and even if it does take five or six years to come into bearing, you will have an orchard almost before you know it. One thing is certain—if you refuse to set out trees because some waiting will be required you will never have an orchard.

SPRAYERS.—The sprayer has now become one of the regular implements on each fruit farm and saves much loss from insects. The use of the sprayer must begin very early, and not delayed until spring, as solutions can be applied over the ground several times to destroy any spores remaining. Lime should also be freely used.

ENERGY.—There is always profit in the concentration of one's energies. Do not try to do too many things, nor to spread yourself over too wide an area. There is no sounder maxim in agriculture than that about a little farm well tilled. Concentrate in every way—in the land that you cultivate, and in the stock that you feed. Then you reduce expenses, and keep your work in such shape that you can handle it.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

A. E. SMYTHE, Publisher.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 3, 1894.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
[IN ADVANCE.]

1 Copy One Year..... $2.00
2 Copies One Year..... 3.00
4 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club..... 6.00

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Address all letters to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Publication office, 725 Sansom St.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

Contributors must enclose stamps for return of MSS. in case of rejection. THE POST will not be responsible for them where this condition is not complied with. Always enclose postage for correspondence, or other business matter requiring separate reply, to insure response.

Ambition.

"Ambition" is one of the many words which cover a multitude of diverse effects, good and bad. One man praises ambition as the principal motor force in human progress; another denounces it as resolute self-aggrandisement which pushes its way up to the borderland of sin.

Obviously they do not both refer to quite the same thing. We shall see that is so by looking at men who embody the two contradictory popular ideas of ambition. First there is the man of whom everybody says, "What a pity is it that he has not more ambition!" He is easy-going, contented with the state of life into which he has been called; he does not care to adventure forth; it is more satisfying to lie at rest; he is inert, and cannot show what is in him without some direct stimulus is applied to him, such as the prick of want.

"Why cannot people let things be?" he asks. Perhaps he divines that he has not enough energy or ability to be a winner in life's race, or he does not care for the prizes, and asks, "What's the good?" Or it may be he is well aware that, if he exerted himself, he would be even with those who register a fair success, and yet he does not try. So his friends shake their heads and say, "What a pity he has not more ambition!" When they say that, they are hankering, on behalf of their acquaintance, after a good thing without which his life is bereft of a great part of its value.

Then there is the opposite type of man, who is watched with antagonism by all those whom he has not yet mastered—the man who has given himself up to being all and getting all that he can. He looks on the world as a battle-field on which he may fight with his fellow-men, win victories, and grace himself with greater and greater triumphs. Towards that end he tramps on, regardless of those whom he may shoulder into the gutter.

Love of predominance has filled his or her heart—for women are quite as ambitious as men—and it will take whatever course the bent of individual character may give it. A craving to climb by slow degrees up the social ladder until "the best people" are our friends; a delight in acquiring and displaying wealth until the lovers of gaudiness stand amazed; an enjoyment of notoriety, of being looked at, talked about, counted as somebody; a love of command, a sense of power over the wills and actions of others, or a passion for writing our names legibly on the rock high above the sands of time and so gaining the promise of a word with future generations—these are some of the forms under which ambition cloaks itself. However it comes, it is almost invariably disagreeable to the onlookers.

When one receives the warning, "He is very ambitious," it may be taken for granted that the atmosphere around the man is of such dry heat or icy chill as to kill some of the kindly virtues around it. Ambition makes itself solitary, for it is self-contained, self-seeking, hungry to feed at the world's expense.

And so we see this curious result, that, when men have no ambition, their fellows regret it, and point it out as a weakness; but, when they have it, the onlookers still regret it, and point it out as something disagreeable and often adverse to the common good. The want of ambition makes men barren, the possession of it is a curse. That is not such a paradox as it looks, as will be seen when we cease to confound two dissimilar things—which brings us to consider what is the sound ambition that all should cherish, and what the spurious form which it were well to avoid.

It seems to us that the difference lies in this—that laudable ambition is a desire for adequate self-expression, spurious ambition is glorying in a successful comparison with others. Every one of us feels that he has a certain power of work, a spiritual momentum, a physical and mental force, alertness and adaptability which ought to find free play and produce its full effect, otherwise we shall go away, when the end comes, with an unbalanced account and a deficit standing against us in the world's books.

Apart too from all thought of duty, there is a great pleasure in finding satisfying self-expression. It is doubtful whether there is any reward equal to the satisfaction of feeling that we have done the work that was natural to us reasonably well. It is this desire to show what we are worth that gives youth its strongest impulse; the work is ours; it has no relation to others, except so far as they may form a standard whereby we may judge our progress.

Great instances of ambition perhaps have their use in stimulating the imagination, but they do not come near to our daily life. In our narrow circles the ambitious man generally means the self-seeker, the one who is intent on pushing his way onward, on absorbing whatever honors comes within his reach, on climbing as near as he can to the top of his own particular tree. That is a habit which is popularly applauded.

Men who succeed in that achievement are used as illustrative lessons for the young; they not unfrequently use themselves, in the same manner, as incentives; and yet the consciously ambitious man, who has attained because he has sought, who has because he has asked, is seldom very greatly respected. The truest rewards of life come without being sought; the greatest achievements have been performed in quiet ways and found out; and then men—or posterity, if the hero's contemporaries have been blind—have said, "Friend, come up higher!"

Most of the best men of the present day whose names will pass down to our children's children have been quiet workers, and only ambitious in the good sense of doing thoroughly and deservingly the work which will most completely express their aspirations and characters. Such men are genuinely honored and trusted when their merits are known; but the man who is once branded ambitious or self-seeking remains always under a shadow of suspicion.

"Do you mean to say," some one remonstrates, "that I am not to try to improve my position in life and rise as far as may be possible in the social scale?" Certainly you are; but the surest way is by putting the effort forth in the shape of excellence in whatever work or study may be undertaken. To be definite and practical is the great lesson of youth. The vague yearnings that would overleap all obstacles and win life's rewards with a wish are not at all the noble sensations that they are too often credited with being.

Day-dreams, as a rule, are but a play in which the dreamer is actor and audience combined, and the effort exhausts the energy which is needed for carrying the dream to realization. The men who have been successful have not usually been of the far-seeing ambitious sort, who have seen the end from the beginning, but they have worked at what has been near at hand; they have seen their fitness to do something here and now, and they have done it.

MATRIMONY cannot change human character, and, when two persons of essentially antagonistic natures are unfortunately united in its bonds, it is only by the exercise of mutual forbearance that they can hope to live together in peace and amity. Intellect therefore should never mate with imbecility. No good ever came of such unions, yet they take place every day. Passions blinds the judgment in these cases, and, when the love-lamp goes out and the ordinary daylight looks in, one of the parties at least is sure to stand aghast at the realities which it reveals.

SELF-DISCIPLINE is, or should be, the end and aim of all other discipline, and the test of its quality; and every one who is at all intelligent will be thankful for having been subjected to a control in early life that has gradually prepared him for and merged into self-control. Only thus can any one experience the meaning and the blessing of freedom, for, without, though no hand may direct him and no voice command him, his own breast will be a scene of anarchy and confusion and tyranny, and he its powerless victim.

SOME children are utterly broken down physically and mentally by over-education; others have no education at all. Of the twain, the former are more to be pitied. The uneducated can afterwards educate themselves; but children who have had the vitality and spirits of their youth dragooned out of them by martinet teachers can never repair the damage that has been done to their bodies and minds by over-tasking.

MISFORTUNE is never mournful to the soul that accepts it, for such do always see that every cloud is an angel's face. Every man deems that he has precisely the trials and temptations which are the hardest of all afflictions for him to bear; but they are so simply because they are the very ones he most needs.

FLATTERERS are the worst kind of traitors, for they will strengthen one's imperfections, encourage one in all evils, correct one in nothing, and so shadow and paint follies and vices. Because all men are apt to flatter themselves, to entertain the addition of other men's praises is most perilous.

To show that a man was sincere in all his life-course is to show that he did not intend to be wrong; but it does not show that he was right in his opinions or correct in his conduct. There is such a thing as giving too much credit to a man simply on the ground of his unmistakable sincerity.

YESTERDAY is yours no longer, to-morrow may never be yours; but to-day is yours, the living present is yours, and in the living present you may stretch forward to the things that are before.

IT is better to be a good tailor than a wearisome preacher, a smart shoemaker than a stupid lawyer, a dexterous carver than a blundering politician.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

H. S. B.—Gouge are made of various metals, most of them of an alloy of tin and copper combined with bismuth. Probably the little fancy one you have is bronze.

SWEDE.—It is not possible for anyone to suggest a trade for you without knowing you. Whatever employment you like best will be the one in which you are most likely to succeed.

ABROAD.—English is by no means the universal language as yet, whatever it may become in the future. French is the language most spoken on the Continent. It is the tongue of the upper classes in Russia.

NORA.—Gretna Green marriages are a thing of the past in the sense you mean. Anyone wanting to marry in the village now must reside in the place for twenty-one days. Gretna Green is in Dumfriesshire just within the Scottish border.

CYCLIST.—Benzine, chloroform, carbon disulphide, and other solvents of India-rubber are all inflammable; chloroform is probably somewhat less dangerous from this cause than the others; no solvent is know which is not an inflammable liquid.

PICTURE.—Monte Carlo is in the Principality of Monaco, on the Riviera; the total annual income from the gambling-tables is said to be about $1,000,000; a company pays Prince Albert, of Monaco, the sum of $250,000 annually for the concession to play.

PERRY.—We quite agree with you that there are plenty of political "trimmers" nowadays; the term itself arose from a set of politicians who were so called contemptuously by the two great parties in the reign of William III., the chief of the set was Halifax, who assumed the nickname as a title of honor and warmly vindicated its dignity, because, as he explained, everything good "trims" between extremes.

FRANCES.—The destruction of Jerusalem took place in the year 70. The word "Mausoleo" does not exist. There was a prince of Caria, Mausolus, who was the brother and husband of Artemisia, who so lamented her lord and master that she built a pyramidal monument to him, from which the name Mausoleum was taken. The name alone remains; a portion of the tomb and statue are in the British Museum.

O. R.—A "Doctor of Music" is one who has passed the highest examination of the University to which he belongs; the "Bachelor" is a graduate in music, and of course he must have matriculated before he takes his full degree; a "Professor" is anything you like. A man who plays the banjo or knocks people about with boxing-gloves takes his title as "professor;" and we advise you to shun it unless you are appointed to a respectable chair.

ANGLO.—Simple tincture of benzine. Gum benzoin, two ounces; rectified spirits of wine, eight ounces by weight. Digest for eight days with frequent shaking, and then filter. Oil of cloves, lavender, and several other such bodies are obtained by distilling the crushed or bruised plants, flower, &c., with water. The condensed liquid is allowed to stand, and the floating oil drawn off for use. Oil of cloves is very heavy, and sinks in the water.

ANXIOUS.—The following makes a good cement for a meerschaum pipe. Curdle some skim milk with vinegar; press and dry the curd at a very gentle heat, after washing it once or twice with cold water. When quite dry, grind it to an impalpable powder in a mortar, and mix it with one-tenth of its weight of equally finely-ground quick-lime; and to every ounce add five or six grains of camphor, and again grind to a very fine powder. Keep it in a tightly-corked bottle, and, when wanted, mix with a little water into a stiff paste, and apply immediately.

F. A. C.—Meissonier's picture shows Napoleon during the desperate French campaign of 1814. At Leipsic the Emperor appears to have eaten too heartily, and he was not himself; the next year his superlative military genius flared out again, and he fought against terrific odds a campaign as brilliant as that of Austerlitz. But the Allies were merciless and numerous, and the inevitable deposition came. During this marvelous struggle Bonaparte won the great fight of Montmirail. We know that it is wrong to feel acute interest in such a schemer as Napoleon undoubtedly was; yet we follow the rest of the world and look at every relic and picture of him with avidity.

MARION.—Do not let yourself be self-conscious over your little educational defects; be quite frank, and always express the deepest admiration for those who have been luckier than yourself. Never show the least sign of shame, but be the first to speak in a modest fashion of your own deficiences. This will cause you to be popular; for you make an appeal to the master-foible of vanity—and you must not think us cynical when we say that people always enjoy feeling superior to somebody else. As to reading, we advise you to chose what you like, and read as much of it as possible. Half the people who ascribe mysterious reasons for their embarrassment in conversation are merely troubled by their small stock of words. Some people have a vocabulary which hardly extends beyond a couple of hundred words; the consequence is they often grunt like pigs, and no more. The same defect, on a reduced scale, touches you, and you can cure yourself by reading exactly what pleases you and by talking freely. Ask your husband frankly to bear with you for a time; he is a man, and he is sure to respect the appeal addressed to his forbearance.

ALONE.

BY MARY BIRL.

Alone we tread life's devious pathways, sent
We know not whence, across our toilsome way,
Folded around in mists, uncertain, gray,
Shadows of hope and fear together blent.
Anon, the dull thick clouds apart are rent.
Love wakens, and makes glad the passing hours;
The way leads onward o'er upspringing flowers,
And past brooks murm'ring of a sweet content.
Yet, as we clasp and think this joy our own,
It fades—again in solitude we stand,
Watching the light wane o'er a darkening land,
The winds sob round us with a wailing moan;
When, all unlooked for, with a grim, firm hand,
Death opes the gate, and we pass out—alone.

A Strange Destiny.

BY J. CHAMBERS.

I DIED seventeen years ago, and though my form is scarcely ethereal, I am as effectively non-existent as if I had been comfortably ferried over Styx and slumbered ten feet below the earth's surface. It will be necessary for me to explain that my name is, or was, Charles Conyngham, and my vocation that of Continental messenger of Her Majesty's Foreign Office. In so remarkable a manner I disappeared that in all probability the Secretarial department at Downing Street, in conjunction with their neighbors over the way at Great Scotland Yard, still regard it as an unsolved mystery. In vain may they search, for I have ceased to exist; my personality has been lost for the past seventeen years.

Some may ask the reason I vanished; to such I would promptly reply that I did so involuntarily, and in a manner in which very few have done. It was my chief duty to carry despatches to the east of Europe; and so constantly did I travel between London and Brindisi, Trieste, Marseilles, and Constantinople, that my long tedious journeys became irksome, and I yearned for rest and quiet.

My position was one of great responsibility, for I carried, hidden from view in a pouch around my waist, sealed packets containing state secrets of every conceivable nature, and messages intended only for the eye of ambassadors, which, if made public, might seriously interfere with the prestige of the nation, or even involve us in war.

In 1871, England was obliged to exercise some ingenious diplomacy towards the newly-formed French Republic; and consequently in the middle of the year I was making two and even three journeys to Paris each week.

Constant traveling like this soon wearies the most experienced, especially when arriving in London in the morning, only to return at night.

The French, German, and Italian railways were to me as familiar as the Strand or Regent Street, for in ten years of Continent-trotting my brain had become a Bradshaw in itself, and I think I had seen all the so-called "sights," so delightful to the untraveled.

A long journey to the Austrian or Turkish capital was very much more to my taste than the wearying monotony of "the Dover-Calais route," and I began to be heartily sick of it, as during the month I had been to Paris no less than thirteen times.

One August night, though excessively tired, I was compelled to set out again, and left Charing Cross by the mail-train. Besides carrying important despatches, a bag had been entrusted to my care which I knew contained a large sum in gold and notes, and which I had instructions to deliver to the British ambassador.

I was alone as far as Dover; but when I alighted on the pier the wind was blowing hard and the rain descending in torrents, indicative of "dirty" weather outside the harbor.

"Calais boat this way, sir!" The words sounded above the disconsolate comments in English, and the staccato sounds in objurgatory French, so I traversed the wet gangway, and soon had my precious bag placed in a position in the saloon where I could keep a watchful eye upon it.

Arriving at Calais soon after midnight, I entered the refreshment room and made a hearty meal, until the unwelcome words "En voiture pour Paris" were shouted. Then I went out, and selecting an empty first class compartment, bade the porter deposit the bag, and wrapping myself comfortably in my traveling rug, settled down for the remainder of the journey.

I dared not sleep whilst this quantity of gold was in my possession, and fatigued as I was, I managed, by dint of great effort, to keep myself awake. It was always possible I might be watched and followed by thieves or emissaries of political societies; therefore a loaded revolver reposed in my pocket ready for any emergency.

Few people were traveling that night, and I was fortunate enough to have the compartment to myself until we ran into Abbeville.

Then there entered two well-dressed Frenchmen, who scrutinized me rather closely and sank into the opposite corners of the carriage.

Seldom I feel uneasy about my fellow-passengers; but I confess that, as I regarded them, a shadow of distrust, of impending evil fell upon me.

Instinctively I felt for my revolver, and assured myself it was in readiness if required, for somehow I was certain these men had been upon the Channel boat, and were following me with an evil purpose.

But they sat opposite one another smoking, and occasionally indulging in conversation, though never once turning towards me, and keeping their faces concealed as much as possible from the pale flickering ray of the carriage-lamp.

As the train sped on, I became more fully convinced these men meant mischief. I looked at my watch, and found that in twenty minutes we should be due at Amiens, and determined to change into another carriage there.

Patiently I sat gazing out of the window, watching the first gray streak of dawn break over the distant hills, and waiting for the next stoppage, when I suddenly felt a terrible blow upon the top of my skull.

I remember no more! All was blank!

* * * * * *

A burning excruciating pain like the prickling of a thousand red-hot needles in my brain, a feeling that my eyes were being gouged out and my temples beaten with hot irons.

It was the most horrible torment I have ever experienced, yet I was gradually coming to, struggling out of what seemed to be a half-dream, half-stupor. Slowly a terrible throbbing in my head abated, and I found myself seated in an armchair in a handsomely furnished though unfamiliar drawing-room.

It was dimly lit by tiny electric lamps, and gazing round in astonishment, I noticed a spacious fernery beyond, which looked like a mermaid's cave in the depths of the sea, so dense was the mass of greenery and so soft the plash of the miniature cascade.

My first thought was of my despatches, and I felt for my pouch; but it was not there! Had I been robbed? Placing my hand on my chin, I was startled to find that I had a long beard plentifully besprinkled with gray, though yesterday I was cleanly shaven!

And my bag of coin, where was that? I struggled to my feet, and as I did so, my figure was reflected in a long mirror. I staggered backwards in amazement; for last night I was a sprightly young man of thirty; but I now saw my hair was thin and gray, and my face so wrinkled and altered that I could not recognize it as my own.

Where was I? What could it all mean? Whilst these thoughts were passing through my mind, I espied a bell-handle, and tugged it. My summons were quickly answered by a sharp-featured young man, who was evidently not a servant.

"Tell me who brought me here? Whose house is this?" I asked impatiently.

The man gazed at me apparently in blank astonishment. "I—er. You're not well, sir. I think. This is your own house."

"My house! And who are you pray?"

"I am your secretary; but I—I'll return in a moment," he replied, and evidently much terrified, he disappeared as quickly as if he had seen a phantom.

I had no time to reflect upon the mystery of the situation before there entered a tall voluptuous-looking woman, of what is called the Junonesque type, in evening dress, and ablaze with diamonds. She was decidedly handsome, her dark beauty altogether striking.

"Why, what have you said to Hallett? You've quite frightened him," she said, laughing. "How is it you are not dressed? You remember we promised to dine at Creswell's to-night."

"I—I don't understand you, madam," I gasped, for my brain was in a whirl.

"What's the matter with you? What has happened?" she cried in alarm. "Don't you know me, Rose, your wife!"

"My wife! No; I have never seen you before. This is some trick.—Where is my bag of money?" I said in perplexity.

"I want no advice," I replied. "I must resume my journey to Paris at once. Where are the clothes I wore, and the despatches?"

"I do not know what you mean," exclaimed the woman who called herself my wife. "Your mind must be wandering, Frank."

"That is not my name. I am Charles Conyngham."

"No; you are under a delusion, dear," she replied in a softer tone, evidently intending to humor me. "You are Frank Thorndyke, and I am Rose Thorndyke, your wife."

"When and where did you marry me?"

"In Melbourne, eight years ago.'

"In Melbourne! And where are we now?"

"This is our country-house at St. Kilda, in Victoria. Is there anything else you would like to know?" She said this with a smile, as if half inclined to believe I was joking.

The surging crowd of thoughts and feelings which burst upon my brain I cannot describe. Was I still myself, or was it all a dream? No; it was a stern reality.

"I married you eight years ago, you say. Then what year is this?"

She laughed mischievously as she replied: "Come, Frank; this not the 1st of April, so all this fooling is out of place. You know well enough it it 1888."

"What!" I cried, feeling myself growing rigid with amazement. "Yesterday was seventeen years ago!"

I was certainly wide awake and sensible; but that I was myself I began to doubt, and at last came to the conclusion I was not. I struggled to comprehend the situation, but utterly failed.

How I came to be in Australia, the husband of such a wife, the owner of such a mansion, was a deep inexplicable mystery. I felt light-headed, for this horrible suspense was goading me into frenzy.

"There must be some serious misunderstanding between us, madam," I said earnestly. "I am not joking: for I certainly have never set eyes upon you before this evening, and am utterly at a loss to know who or what I am."

The woman who called me husband regarded me with a look of terror, as if she had suddenly become convinced of the truth of my words. Her face blanched, and she would have fallen, had I not caught her and laid her upon a sofa. I rang the bell, and a maid-servant appeared.

"Your mistress has fainted; call some one to her assistance," I said, and leaving the room, I proceeded to explore the house from garret to basement. It was a splendid modern mansion, furnished with taste and elegance; and I found, on looking out of the windows, it was surrounded by well-kept lawns and clumps of fine old trees, now illumined by the pale moonlight, and transformed into a scene almost fairy-like.

Presently I was pacing the terrace, rapt in thought. The stars shone, the night-wind sighed softly through the trees, and the air was filled with the subtle perfume of roses.

How well I remember leaning upon the stone balustrade, gazing away to where the lurid reflection upon the sky denoted the distant city of Melbourne, and trying to account for my novel surroundings.

Utterly unable to realize the memorable journey to Paris had been made seventeen years before, for it seemed but yesterday, though my aged appearance, my beard, the fact of my marriage, and my opulence, all combined to confirm the assertain the fainting woman had just made. But the thought of the loft money and undelivered despatches troubled me most.

In vain I tried to recount my actions on that night I left London; but beyond the remembrance of the terrible blow I had sustained, I could recollect nothing.

The anxiety was distracting; and as I paced the terrace with quick impatient steps, I knew that if some solution of this horrible mystery did not soon present itself, I should go mad. I had a presentiment of insanity, and shuddered at the thought of the terrible derangement which hung over me as a Damoclean sword.

Suddenly I heard a footstep, and turning fronted the man who called himself my secretary.

"Layton, the manager, of the Waljeers, has just arrived from Ballarat, and wishes to see you on important business, sir," he said.

"To see me! What for?"

"He desires instructions regarding the Waljeers claim. They have struck the Lead at last, and the yield of gold is so rich that he advises you to float it as a company in the Melbourne market at once. Shall I bring him to you?"

"No," I replied. "Leave me to myself. I—I have not the slightest idea of your meaning."

"You must be unwell, sir," the man replied. Surely you know Layton, who used to manage your mine at Poowong, and who is now in charge of the Waljeers?"

"I don't know, him and I have no desire to make his acquaintance. Send him away," I said.

For a moment the man hesitated, then muttering in an undertone, retired into the house.

When alone, I again strove to give my thoughts definite shape, for somehow everything seemed hazy and indistinct, and my agony of mind was indescribable.

It was not long before a maid-servant appeared, saying: "Mistress would like to see you in the drawing-room, sir;" and I obeyed the summons.

On entering, I found the woman who called me husband seated upon a low lounge-chair, and near her stood a short stout old gentleman in a frock-coat and wearing a gold pince-nez.

"Ah, my dear Thorndyke," exclaimed the latter, greeting me effusively; "how are you this evening?"

"I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance," I replied.

"Not know me? Come, come, think. Don't you remember Dr. Stanborough?"

"No, I don't."

The woman glanced significantly at him as he advanced towards me peering intently into my eyes.

"What have you been saying to your wife?" he asked abruptly.

"Saying! Why, the truth?" I replied. "She calls herself my wife; but I have never seen her before. Yesterday, I was conveying some important despatches between London and Paris, when—well, I hardly know what happened; but I believe two ruffians stunned me, and I know no more until I awoke this evening to find myself in a strange house and claimed as husband by this lady! I believe there's some confounded trickery somewhere, and perhaps you can explain the whereabouts of the despatches and money?"

The doctor did not reply, but turning to her, said gravely: "Madam, this is very, very sad. I am afraid your husband's mind is affected."

"You are mistaken," I cried vehemently. "I am as sane as yourself; but if this horrible mystery is not soon elucidated, I feel I shall go mad."

"You are certainly not yourself to-night. We must see what treatment we can give you," said the doctor.

"I want none of your nostrums, sir. All I require are my despatches and money. I am told I am in Australia; if so, I must return to England immediately and explain my absence."

"Doctor, my dear husband seems under the delusion he has been robbed of some important documents," explained she anxiously.

"I am under no delusion, madam!" I said rather hotly. "All I desire explained is how I came to be here."

"Monomania evidently," the doctor exclaimed in a low voice. "It develops frequently into the most violent forms of madness, and he will have to be kept in seclusion and closely watched."

"Understand me," I said angrily. "Your fears as to my sanity are groundless. I believe I have fallen a victim to a vile plot; but I tell you I am being mistaken for some other man. I am Charles Conyngham of the Foreign Office, London."

"Very well, my dear fellow, very well," the doctor replied, placing his hand upon my shoulder. "We will believe it—if you wish. Calm yourself: remember your wife is nervous and weak."

I turned dejectedly away, for all my efforts to make myself understood had only been met with incredulity by the idiotic, soft-spoken old doctor, who evidently believed I was mad.

My position become more singular every moment, and in distraction I strode out into the grounds and plunged into a dark wood of tall gum-trees. On and on I walked, heedless of where my footsteps led me, until at last, tired out, I sank upon a felled trunk and gave myself up to another mental struggle.

All was dead silence, save the weird croaks and screams of the night-birds and the faint rustle of the leaves overhead. The cool wind fanned my heated temples

with such a soothing effect that I slept. The morning sun was penetrating the thick foliage when I awoke and made my way out of the forest. Without much difficulty I retraced my steps to the house, only to become more intensely puzzled. My soi-disant wife was too unwell to leave her room, and I roamed aimlessly about the place, seeking to discover something—I knew not what.

One room I entered was evidently a study; my own den possibly! Glancing round at the books, the few choice paintings, and the row of telephones, I seated myself at the littered writing-table.

Turning over the papers before me and examining them, I saw they related to mining enterprises and transactions involving large sums.

Many of the letters and memoranda were unmistakably in my handwriting, but the signatures were "Frank Thorndyke," and the letter-paper bore the heading "Great Poowong Gold Mines, Office 298 Collins Street, Melbourne." My eyes fell upon a calendar, and I saw I had not been deceived, it was the year 1888!

For some time I sat engrossed in thought. Bewildered with the events of the past few hours, I felt I must make some strenuous efforts to solve the enigma, and account for the intervening seventeen years. It was impossible that I had been asleep in the manner of Rip van Winkle, so I must have been existing during that period. But where, and how?

From the doctor's words on the previous night, it seemed clear that if I remained I should be placed under restraint as a lunatic, so what should hinder me from returning to Europe, and endeavoring to find out what befell me on that midnight journey?

At the thought of funds I rose, and searching the drawers of the writing-table, discovered a cash box. A bunch of keys was in my pocket, one of which opened the box, and eagerly counting the contents, I found nearly three hundred pound in gold and notes. This would suffice for the journey, and with joy I transferred the money to my pockets.

In haste I wrote a few lines to my mysterious wife, informing her of my intention telling her not to follow me, and promising to return as soon as I obtained the information required to restore my peace of mind.

Calling Hallet, my secretary, I gave him the letter, with instructions not to deliver it at the sick woman's room until the evening; then gathering a few things into a hand-bag, I left the house. The next train bore me to Melbourne, and that same evening I was on board a P. and O. boat steaming out of Port Philip.

* * * * * *

From the first I was beset by terrible anxiety and fear lest I should be recognized, for, though a victim to circumstances, I was nevertheless a delinquent, and I knew not into whose hands the undelivered despatches had fallen, or what complications had ensued thereby.

On my return to London, however, I soon became assured that my appearance had changed beyond recognition, for on various pretexts I conversed with men who had been my intimate associates, none of whom now claimed my acquaintance.

The task of tracing my past career was fraught with many difficulties, and it was in Paris that I discovered a clue to the mystery.

Whilst searching the file of the Figaro for 1871, I found that on August 5th the night-mail from Calais to Paris, whilst approaching Amiens, ran into some trucks, and was completely wrecked, seven persons being killed and twenty injured.

But there was also enacted a terrible tragedy, for it appeared that in a first-class compartment were two men, one having amongst his baggage a strong leathern bag, containing a large sum in English notes and gold.

Both received severe blows about the head in the collision; but one, in order to obtain possession of the money, took advantage of the confusion immediately following the accident by shooting his fellow-traveler dead. The murderer was making off with that portion of his booty that was portable, when he was apprehended and conveyed to Paris.

Here was another complication! I could not be the murdered man, yet the bag of gold referred to was evidently the one entrusted to my care.

Eagerly I scanned the papers of the following days, and found reports of the examination before the Juge d'Instruction, and subsequent trial of the accused for wilful murder.

He was stated to be young and well dressed, though conducting himself strangely, refusing to give his name or any account of himself whatever, and preserving an immutable silence throughout the many days the proceedings lasted.

The trial must have been a celebrated one, judging from the reports; and the prisoner, through a slight discrepancy in the corroborative evidence, escaped the guillotine, and was sentenced to transportation for life to the penal settlement of New Caledonia.

Here the information ended; and though I searched the copies of the papers for the two years subsequently, I found nothing more. It was clear my only hope lay in an interview with this mysterious convict, who might enlighten me as to my connection with the tragic affair; and to this end I sought out an official in the Prisons Department who was once well known to me. He had since retired into private life, and, in common with others, did not remember me.

Representing myself as an English solicitor endeavoring to trace a next-of-kin, and offering to pay handsomely for information, I prevailed upon him to seek an interview with the Chief of the Department, and ascertain where the man who had been sent to penal servitude for this particular crime could be found.

A few days later, when I called, a memorandum was placed in my hand certifying that after remaining five years at the settlement, Prisoner No. 7403, committed for life for murder, had escaped, in company with Auguste Durand, another convict, by means of a boat. The supposition was that they were drowned at sea; if not, they must have landed on the Queensland coast.

To discover this man Durand was no easy matter; but if successful, he might furnish me with the whereabouts of his whilom companion. I was dubious about the result of my search, for might I not be on the wrong track after all?

Nevertheless, I proceeded to Brisbane without delay, and in nearly all the chief newspapers in the Australian colonies caused to be inserted a brief paragraph to "Auguste Durand, late of Yengen," stating that his companion upon the voyage from the island to the mainland in 1876 wished particularly to meet him, as he had something important to communicate.

This was the only means by which I could hope to find him, and congratulating myself upon having composed an artfully worded invitation, patiently awaited its result.

Several weeks passed without an answer, and I was vainly trying to devise some other method by which to reach the escaped convict, when one day I was informed by the hotel waiter that a gentleman desired to see me. I naturally concluded it was he, and expressed my willingness to receive my visitor.

Judge my dismay, however, when there was ushered in no less a person than my secretary!

"Well, old fellow," said he familiarly, offering his hand; "and why all this confound mystery?"

I was speechless with amazement.

"I saw the advertisement in the Argus," he continued, "and concluding something was up, left Melbourne at once. What is it?"

"The advertisement?" I gasped.

"Yes. You want to see me."

"You are mistaken; I do not."

"But your advertisement was addressed to Auguste Durand, your humble servant, who shared your lot in that living tomb at Yengen, and who escaped with you!"

"What? Is this true?" I asked in astonishment. "Was I convicted for murder?"

"Of course you were, and I for forgery. but you seem to be as insane as when you left St. Kilda so suddenly six months ago. What's the matter with you?"

"Are you Auguste Durand?" I asked.

"That's my baptismal cognomen, though John Hallett suits me better just now."

"Then hear me," I exclaimed. "Perhaps I am not quite myself, but I have forgotten all. Tell me how we escaped, why I am rich, and you are my servant."

He gazed at me incredulously for a moment, and after reiterating his opinion that I had taken leave of my senses, related the story of our escape.

Narrated briefly, it seemed we were pals in the same labor gang, and had plotted our escape for many months, until one day, finding a boat in which a keg of water and some biscuits had been conveniently placed, we took advantage of the opportunity.

After drifting countless days upon the Coral Sea under a burning sun, we landed at last, more dead than alive, near Port Curtis. Overjoyed at our freedom, we at once commenced to seek a livelihood, and at Walloon turned miners.

Fortune smiled upon me. I prospered, bought claims, and profited largely by speculation, though my companion, always unlucky, existed upon my charity. After seven years at the diggings, I married a wealthy woman, and removed to Melbourne.

"And what is my present position?" I asked, when he had concluded.

"You are the owner of two of the richest gold mines in Victoria; and I, always a Lazarus, am your confidential secretary. Most confidential," he added, smiling; "the master convicted of murder, and the servant of forgery."

* * * * * *

By the narrative the blank in my life had been filled, and I became aware it was myself, the mysterious convict, I had been endeavoring to trace.

Was I a murderer? That I was innocent seemed clear, for it was only reasonable to suppose that after the collision my fellow-travelers attempted to rob me, and that in protecting my charge I fired the fatal shot. Seeing I had killed the thief, and fearing the consequences, I filled my pockets with the money, and was decamping when arrested.

Why I refused to give any account of myself at the trial did not seem so obvious; but after much deliberation I became convinced of the fact, by no means unknown in medical science, that in the collision, the terrible blow I had sustained upon the head caused me to lose all consciousness of the past.

From that moment I commenced an entirely fresh existence, remembering nothing of what had occurred before, and was therefore unable to tell even my name or nationality at the trial.

The Foreign Office were either in ignorance of my position, or refrained from interfering from some unexplained cause; and thus for seventeen years I had lived utterly oblivious to the events anterior to the blow which so strangely affected my brain.

On that memorable night in my own drawing-room, I must have struck my head against some hard substance—the corner of the mantel-shelf probably—and this, as a counter-action, restored me to consciousness, though obliterating the remembrance of the intervening years.

* * * * * *

On my return to St. Kilda, my wife welcomed me warmly; and after I had explained the cause of my sudden absence and apparent insanity, she went to her room, returning with a sealed official envelope, dirty and crumpled.

"This," she said, "you confided to my safe keeping soon after our marriage. Possibly it must be the lost despatch."

It was! I grasped it eagerly, and read the superscription, then placed it on the fire and watched the flames consume it.

From that day I commenced life afresh, and can safely assert there is not a happier pair than Rose and I in all the colony.

Durand is no longer my secretary, but the keeper of a fashionable restaurant in Melbourne. I need scarcely add it was my money that purchased the business.

Declined With Thanks.

BY O. S. T.

"MYRIAD Publishing Office." One of the flurried foot-regiments marching along Fleet Street fell out, and looked at the legend. She was a young woman of twenty. She had glanced wistfully up at a good many offices coming along, but none had seemed so quiet, not to say dismal, as the Myriad.

Nervously crossing the road, she entered the office. Mounting the stairs like a thief, she knocked at a door on the second floor. An impassive voice asked her to come in. A man on a tilted chair, with his hands in his pockets, was gazing gloomily up the chimney.

"Can I see the editor of the Myriad?" she asked, coloring.

"I am the editor of the Myriad," His eye fell on something, not unlike a summons for rates, which she carried in her hand. "Pray be seated."

"I wish to leave a contribution," began the visitor, "on approval;" and she timidly advanced with the threatening document.

"Poetry," said he blandly, "is at present such a drug."

"No," she interrupted eagerly, "it is not poetry. It is a love story; but it is a first attempt."

She blushed so much when she said this, that his eyes were directed from the envelope to her face. It was a very pretty face, very trustful and lovable, he thought. He also saw, without appearing to see, that her dress was a particularly shabby one.

When do you think you will be able to call for it again?" he asked. "You see," he went on hastily, "we have such a number of love-stories sent in. Contributors don't seem to understand our scope; the Myriad prints very little fiction. Why not try some other paper. Of course, you can leave it if you wish. What do you say?"

"I will leave it," she said; "it may not be worth sending anywhere else." Her simplicity failed to detect what her words conveyed.

"There is something in that," said the editor grimly. "If you will kindly call in a fortnight's time I shall be able to tell you whether we can use it or not. Still, you must not be disappointed if we cannot accept it." He carefully laid the M S. on a desk.

"Good-afternoon." She looked over her shoulder at him on the step.

"Good-afternoon," he said. He heard her tripping down the stairs, went back to his old position, and lighted a cigarette. The editor of the Myriad was about thirty-five. He had his own ideas of conducting a paper, but so far they had not made the Myriad a pecuniary success; but what the Myriad lacked in numbers it had in quality. Once the proprietor had broached the subject of giving away a few tea-caddies, but Holden had spoken so hotly that the proprietor, having some decency left, had dropped it and left him to do as he pleased. Neither wanted money.

"A first offense," muttered Holden. "Poor little thing! The remunerative calling of letters is getting some strange recruits. I wonder who she is, and what she is? With her golden hair she would make a fine model for a picture—an angel I should think."

He kicked the fender viciously, and glared at the MS. With a groan he reached for it and drew it out of the envelope. It was spotlessly clean. He groaned again. Under the title was a straight rule line in red ink, and below that a wavering one in blue. These embellishments seemed to unnerve him.

"'The Tar's Farewell,'" he murmured. "'And he gave me the 'bacca box 'graved with his name the last time we parted at Wapping Old Stairs,' something of that sort I expect." And it was something of that sort. A young sailor who bade his sweetheart "good-bye," who found (miraculously) wealth in foreign parts and came home to claim his own true love.

"I wonder," said Holden, as he prepared to put the MS. back in the envelope, "what Wilkens would think if he saw this in the Myriad? It would beat his prize tea-caddies. He looked again at the author's name. "Elsie Connor, 5, Willer's Street, Gray's Inn Road."

Holden never exactly knew how he got through the interview a fortnight later; nor, when his visitor claimed a candid opinion from him, where he borrowed the courage to tell her the truth. It leaked out at that interview that Elsie Connor lived with her aunt; she had no father or mother. Having smote her so heavily, Holden looked about for balm. He did not know what her acquirements were, and suggested type-writing. His rejected contributor snatched at the idea with avidity, and, thanking him, left.

After that, the editor of the Myriad—(several cursed him for this)—dropped a hint here and there that he knew a very good sort of type-writer. The result was that many batches of MSS. found their way to Willer's Street. Once, feeling awfully mean, he explored Willer's Street. Number five was one of those shops apparently opened for children; in it were sold oranges, nuts, and toffee.

As he walked past, on the other side, a slim figure came to the door, and stood on the step. It was Elsie. Blushing like a school-boy, he raised his hat. To cover this dastardly act, he called the next evening with a MS. of his own.

Some weeks later Holden looked at himself in the glass. He searched for his blemishes. He had been a handsome man. Now a tooth had gone from the bottom row, and there was not the same redundancy of hair to effect a parting. He had to be very careful with the comb.

"Why do I think of these things?" he said. "Because I am helpless. Because I am in love. As Heaven is my witness, in love! Elsie, Elsie, Elsie!"

With her name on his lips, he went to the window. The same foot-regiment was marching along the pavement of Fleet

Street, the noise of the traffic came to his ears. Yet he heard no noise, only looked at the crowd. He picked out a man he would like to have been, and turned away.

That evening, Holden set out for Gray's Inn Road. The idyllic proximity of Leather Lane had long lost its terrors, and he thought this evening the houses were not so gray. It might have been the softening effect of the declining sun. Holden had dressed himself well; but his customary ease of manner had gone. He walked straight to the open door of the shop. On the step, he paused. Someone was singing in the little room at the back. It was Elsie. The song was "The Anchor's Weigh'd."

"Go then," she cried, "but let thy constant mind
Oft think of her you leave in tears behind."

Holden listened to the last tones of that sweet low voice, then started. A male organs, rich and tuneful, had taken up the ballad.

"Dear maid, this last embrace my pledge shall be,
The anchor's weigh'd the anchor's weigh'd,
Farewell! farewell! Remember me.

The song ceased within, and two children began the chorus outside. A chill fell upon the listener. On a sudden the grayness he had missed from the houses came back to them. He hesitated a moment, then advanced.

At the step of the inner room he grew deadly pale. By the window, against a gay macaw in a cage, sat a young man in the uniform of an officer in the mercantile marine. Elsie, her face lighted with a beautiful flush, sat opposite, and the aunt was gazing raptly at both from the fire-place. Holden's lips twitched, and he tried to find his voice. The sailor looked at him inquiringly. Elsie jumped to her feet.

"Tom," she cried eagerly, "this is Mr. Holden, the gentleman we have been talking about."

"Come in, sir," cried the young sailor heartily, and stretching out a bronzed hand. "I'm right glad to see you. Elsie has told me all about you. But she won't have to do any more of that sort of work now;" and he pointed to the type-writer. "Elsie is my sweetheart, sir, and I have come home from Rangoon to marry her."

Twice Holden tried to speak, but each time he lost his voice. The bird made a horrible sound, and this gave him time.

"I did not expect to find a stranger here," he said at last. "A sweetheart! You must excuse this visit. And now, as love and business will hardly mix, I will bid you good-evening."

He tried to smile at them, but his lips only twitched. He dropped into the shadow, and turned towards the front door.

With a vague feeling that her lover had said something he did not like, Elsie followed him.

"This is the end of my tale," she said, shyly: "the one you did not like."

"I fear," said Holden, in a queer tone, "I did not understand that tale. I have much to learn—Elsie."

As they stood in the gloom of the shop, the joyous voice of the sailor took up the song again in the other room—

"Doubt not a constant heart like mine.
I ne'er can meet another maid,
Whose charms can fix this heart like thine."

"Good-bye," she said confusedly, and held out her hand.

Holden stood for a minute longer, drinking in the grace of her form and the sweetness of her face. He tried to think it a dream, that he had not come too late. The harsh cry of the macaw aroused him.

"Good-bye," he said, "good-bye." He half raised her hand, as if to carry it to his lips, but gently dropped it; then he stepped over the shop threshold.

When Elsie looked wonderingly out he was walking at a rapid pace, with his head bent, towards the Gray's Inn Road.

VANILLA.—Paris, London, and New York are the markets of the world for vanilla. Great quantities of the bean are used in France. It is employed in making confectionery, teas, liqueurs, and cordials, and enters into the manufacture of perfumery. The vanilla is of Mexican origin, though found in almost every tropical country. It is a vigorous plant of the orchid species, about twenty to thirty feet in height, with heavy oblong sea-green foliage. It thrives in dense forests, where its branches entwine and interlace themselves with neighboring trees. The stem is four-cornered, the flowers are large, fragrant, and spikelike. It yields to cultivation. The vanilla-tree begins to yield in its third year, and from that to its thirtieth. The season commences in the month of April, and lasts until the middle of June. The beans are gathered in the green state, before maturity. There are two existing methods of curing vanilla. In the first of these the beans are laid in quantities on great cloths spread upon the ground, and exposed to the sun for a period of two months, or until they have attained a dark brown color. They are then packed in bundles of fifty, and placed in tin boxes for exportation. The second method consists in attaching by their inferior extremities a number of the beans, and immersing the same in a vessel of boiling water until they became white. They are then exposed for a few hours only to the sun, after which they are covered with a native fixed oil, usually that of the cashew-nut.

CATCHING A TARTAR.

A year or two ago a prominent paper contained an account—sent by its Berlin correspondent of a fight between a hare and an eagle owl, which had an unexpected termination. The owl, it appears, attacked the hare with the intention of making a meal off it, but met with a resistance for which it had not bargained.

In the end the hare became the victor, escaping apparently unhurt, and left its formidable antagonist tumbling about on the ground with a broken wing.

Such turning of tables by the weak on the strong, when the strong is the aggressor, is by no means unprecedented in the records of the animal world.

The hare certainly showed her mettle in this case; but then, she is not altogether so timid as we commonly imagine her to be. She readily flies from man indeed, except during the month of March, when her proverbial "madness" is upon her, and when she shows a curious deliberateness in all her movements utterly at variance with her usual habits.

But she has been known to stand up boldly against attacks made upon her, or more especially her offspring.

Bishop Stanley gives an account of such an event. A small hawk, probably a kestrel, was seen to be carrying an animal of some kind in its talons; while on the ground immediately below, a hare was observed keeping up with the hawk.

The bird being evidently overweighted, was unable to rise, and flew close to the ground, sometimes almost sinking to the earth; and each time it came within reach of the hare, she struck it with her paws.

At length this persecution proved too much for the hawk, which relinquished its prey and soared off into space and peace. It was found that the hawk's quarry was a young leveret, which its parent thus rescued from death.

It is of course chiefly in defence of their young that birds and animals show most courage. Black-birds often succeed in driving cats from the neighborhood of their nests; while it is upon record that a rook, single-handed, drove away with ignominy three ravens which had approached her young with marauding intentions.

Those terrible harriers of farmyards, sparrow-hawks, are frequently put to flight, and sometimes even meet with their death at the beak and claws of the infuriated hen whose chickens they seek to capture. Indeed, some hens, as most people know, will not allow a strange human being to approach their broods without rushing at him with ruffled plumage and extended wings.

One would imagine that a cockchafer was a still more harmless "beastie" ordinarily than a hen, and yet a cockchafer has been known to prove more than a match for a bat. It happened in this wise: Two people were out walking one summer evening in the country, when they were startled by something falling suddenly at their feet. Stooping to see what it was, they found a small bat with a cockchafer clinging firmly to its side, just under the wing. The cockchafer was removed, and the bat resumed its flight.

A few years ago, in one of the low-lying parts of Surrey, a snipe was picked up dead with a fresh-water mussel firmly attached to the end of its beak. The valves of the shell had closed on the snipe's beak, and unfortunate bird was thus held prisoner till it died of starvation. Both bird and shell were preserved as a literal example of the biter being bit.

A wasp caught in the meshes of a spider's web proves a very ugly customer for his captorer to tackle. The wasp says to the spider, in language there is no mistaking: "You had better beware of my sting." The spider, keeping at a respectful distance, does her utmost to set her unacceptable captive free. She makes no attempt to "rope" him by throwing her toils, thread, around him, as she would do if it was only a blue-bottle with which she had to deal. On the contrary, she seconds the effects of the wasp to escape by shaking her web violently.

A cock-pheasant once found himself placed in a very awkward predicament, thanks to his inveterate love of fighting. A young lady, wearing a red cloak, was walking in a country lane, when she was flown at and set upon violently by a handsome cock-pheasant.

The pheasant seems to have taken the lady, from her scarlet cloak, for some large strangely plumaged bird trespassing on his domain.

The young lady tried in vain to repel his attacks, until at last she was composed to seize him and carry him home with her bodily. When she reached home, she let her prisoner go free, and off he stalked, trying, by a show of dignity, to conceal his chargin at having thus caught a Tartar.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The event of the evening was the dancing of the new German dance called "The Aristocrat." This dance was produced for the first time seven weeks ago at a court ball given by the Emperor of Germany. It is a combination of the quadrille and the contra, and is danced with the stateliness and courtly grace of the minuet. The position taken by the dancers is similar to that which is taken in the quadrille. The hands are held as high as in the minuet, and the movements are as measured and as precise as those in which the dignified dames and aristocratic gentlemen of a century ago graced their ball rooms.

Women eat more and better food nowadays than ever, and show a highly civilized willingness to pay for what they eat out of their own pocket. Nothing is more common than to see parties of girls in restaurants consuming such satisfying viands as turtle soup, rare roast beef, with Brussels sprouts, followed by a French pancake, with jelly, and with deglutition assisted by a bottle of California wine. The result is that women can endure much more hard work than formerly; and, indeed, the social and domestic treadmill over which thousands of women pass daily would otherwise have invalided or killed them twenty years ago.

One of the most peculiar wills every recorded was that of Madame Meens, who died in Antwerp, in which she left all her estate to her relatives up to the twelfth degree of kinship. The testator was reported to have been worth one hundred millions of dollars. The ambitious relatives hastened to file their claims. As a result, the Court is obliged to pass upon the alleged rights of 14,000 heirs. The family tree of one heir alone covers a space sixteen metres square. The poor people are doomed to disappointment, as the estate turned out to be worth only about three millions. So many lawyers have been engaged that their fees alone will swallow up this amount.

From New Zealand comes an amusing suggestive story of an occurence which took place since the recent election, when women enjoyed the right of franchise. Some of the ladies seated in the stall of a theatre were wearing hats which interfered with the view of those sitting behind them. Suddenly a male voice from the pit exclaimed in a tone of pathetic remonstrance, "Ladies, now you have got the franchise, you might really take your hats off." Whether the suggestion produced any other result than the inevitable roar of laughter is not related; but it is safe to conclude that there were women in the theatre that realized that to be permitted to vote did not make life's roses entirely thornless.

A striking truth of the value of sand filtration as a means of removing even disease organisms from water has been given by Mrs. Percy Frankland. The adjoining cities of Hamburg and Altona obtain their water from the Elbe, the supply from Hamburg being drawn from above the town, and that for Altona being drawn from below Hamburg, after the river has received the sewage of nearly 800,000 people. The Hamburg water is unfiltered, the Altona water is passed through sand. When the epidemic came the cholera deaths in Hamburg were 1,50 per 100,000, but only 221 per 100,000 in Altona, while on a street dividing the two cities the Hamburg side was cholera-stricken, and the side belonging to Altona remained free from the disease.

The German army now has trained war dogs. On the march each dog is led by his master and is required to carry a heavy pack on his back. Dogs of a dark color are preferred because they are less visible to the enemy. The training is pursued on the general principle that the dog would be treated very cruelly by an enemy, so that the creature is taught to creep round the foe unnoticed and to give distinct warning of a hostile approach without bringing itself into notice. For instance, in the German training process, some of the soldiers put on French and Russian uniforms to represent the enemy. This arrangement, by the by, suggests the idea that the Germans have quite made up their mind whom they are going to fight when the great war does come.

A well-known artist has come out strongly against starch, which he calls one of the curses of the nineteenth century. Said he: "Not only does it make our clothes unpleasant to wear, but it makes them hideous to look at." Pointing to a charming piece of statuary he continued: "Now, look at the beauty and ample dignity of that toga and contrast it with the dress of a modern man. That was soft and yielding; the modern shirt, collar, cuffs, hats, shoes, corsets, even the women's gowns, are hard and unbending. The effect of antique dress was grace; the effect of our dress is that of stiffness and discomfort. It is more than an effect—it is a fact. Nobody could be easy and look thoroughly well in our clothes. We want to organise a reform movement against starch."

SO HANDSOME.—Not long since a bride and bridegroom from the country visited London during their honeymoon. Now the young bride, as is usual at this period, thought her husband was the best-looking man that ever did live. One night they started for the theatre, and as she clung fondly to him and gazed up into his good-looking face while they walked along, the cabmen began calling out their cabs.

"Hansom?" shouted the nearest cabby.

The bride smiled at her husband.

"Hansom, lady?" sung out the next one, seductively.

She smiled at the cabby until he thought he had found a fare.

"Hansom?" called out the next one, and "Hansom?" "Hansom?" echoed along the line till they came to the last.

"Hansom?" he said, appealing to her directly.

She looked at her husband and then at the cabby.

"Of course he is," she replied; and clutching his arm convulsively, she exclaimed

"Oh, George, isn't lovely to be so handsome that even men in the street pay tribute to your beauty. And you my husband, too! Oh, George!" and George said not a word to enlighten her.

PATENTS

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There was never a time in the history of our country when the demand for inventions and improvements in the arts and sciences generally was so great as now. The conveniences of mankind in the factory and work-shop, the household, on the farm, and in official life, require continual accessions to the appurtenances and implements of each in order to save labor, time and expense. The political change in the administration of government does not affect the progress of the American inventor, who being on the alert, and ready to perceive the existing deficiencies, does not permit the affairs of government to deter him from quickly conceiving the remedy to overcome existing discrepancies. Too great care can not be exercised in choosing a competent and skillful attorney to prepare and prosecute an application for patent. Valuable interests have been lost and destroyed in innumerable instances by the employment of incompetent counsel, and especially is this advice applicable to those who adopt the "No patent, no pay" system. Inventors who entrust their business to this class of attorneys do so at imminent risk, as the breadth and strength of the patent is never considered in view of a quick endeavor to get an allowance and obtain the fee then due. THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY, John Wedderburn, General Manager, 618 F street, N. W., Washington, D. C., representing a large number of important daily and weekly papers, as well as general periodicals of the country, was instituted to protect its patrons from the unsafe methods heretofore employed in this line of business. The said Company is prepared to take charge of all patent business entrusted to it for reasonable fees, and prepares and prosecutes applications generally, including mechanical inventions, design patents, trade-marks, labels, copyrights, interferences, infringements, validity reports, and gives especial attention to rejected cases. It is also prepared to enter into competition with any firm in securing foreign patents.

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Our Young Folks.

THE WAY JIM WAS HELPED.

BY M. A. C.

DONALD and Dot sat side by side upon a rustic seat placed in a shady corner of the lawn. They had been talking for some time in low confidential tones, and were so interested in the subject they were discussing that Don had allowed his new whistle to fall unheeded to the ground, and Dot was holding her beloved doll by one foot, so that the poor woven baby was in a most uncomfortable position.

"Poor Jim," said Dot, with a big sigh. "I'm so sorry for him. Wouldn't it be sad, Don, if our own darling father had to stay in a—in a—what is the place called?"

"A hospital," said Donald. "But father would not go away from home if he hurt his foot, as Jim's father did."

"Well, if he had to, I'm sure he would wish us to go and see him," said the girl; "and Jim wants to go to Desborough so badly. He said it would cost a shilling to go there in the train. I wish I had some money to give him; but I've only a nickel."

There was a plaintive ring in the childish voice, and a shadow on the fair little face half-hidden in the depths of a big embroidered sun-bonnet.

"I've no money at all," confessed Donald. "I wish I hadn't bought those chocolate creams yesterday, or my whistle; but mother will give us some money if we ask her, Dot."

"That won't be just like giving it ourselves," said Dot. "Well, Don dear, I must go in now. I've got to practice. I promised Miss Beton that I would do so every day until she came back."

"It isn't fair to have to practice in the holidays," grumbled the boy, who did not like to be deprived of his sister's company.

"But Miss Beton said I should forget everything if I didn't, and I promised. It would not be honest if I broke my word," said Dot appealingly.

"All right; run along. I'll be trying my whistle until you have finished. Jim showed me this morning how to put my fingers, and I can play a wee bit of 'Home, Sweet Home,' already."

So Dot trotted indoors, and sat down to the piano in the schoolroom—a large airy room, that had been daintily furnished by a kind mother, who liked her darlings to be surrounded by pretty and cheerful objects, even in study hours.

The governess was away now, and the books and slates reposed in a big cupboard; but Dot had promised not to neglect her music, and now she began to play "Lilla's Lady" in a painstaking fashion, her rosy lips moving as she counted in a whisper—

"One, two, three," "One, two, three."

She had been playing for nearly an hour by the schoolroom clock, when the door was thrown open, and Donald entered, his face glowing with excitement.

"I can play 'Home, Sweet Home,' all through now," he declared eagerly. "Just listen, Dot, will you?"

Dot slipped down from her chair, and Don took her place. He placed the tune quite correctly, and the little girl was delighted, and thought her brother wonderfully clever. Even the canary in the window burst forth into a joyous trill, as if it wished to express approval of Don's efforts.

"It's lovely, Don dear," said Dot. "Do you know, I've just thought of something. Couldn't we give a concert—just a tiny one, you know—and you could play, and then I would?"

But Donald shook his head doubtfully at the proposal.

"Nobody would come to hear us," he answered.

"Mother would," persisted the little girl. "And so would Eve and Gertrude; and we could ask them to give us something for Jim if we play on the drawing-room piano when Mrs. Travers was here, but I was shy and ran away, and I know she felt ashamed of me. I think she will be pleased if we give a concert, and ask her to come."

Don allowed himself to be persuaded by his sister, and soon the pair began to form their plans.

A note was written, in Donald's best round hand, upon a sheet of pink notepaper from Dot's writing-desk, and the note conveyed an invitation to the children's mother and two grown-up sisters to be present at an entertainment in the schoolroom, at four o'clock on the afternoon of the next day.

Then Dot proposed that tea should be offered to the guests, and she went to cook, and coaxed her into promising some of her most tempting little cakes for the occasion.

"It will be quite a party," said the little girl, as she placed a bowl of roses in the centre of the tea-table, shortly before the time fixed for the concert.

"I hope we have thought of everything," remarked Don, glancing at the array of cups and saucers, the well-filled sugar-bowl and cream-jug, and the two china dishes of cakes. "Do you think you will break down, Dot? You know you never can play before people."

"I shall try to think only of Jim," said Dot gravely. "And I practiced my pieces over more than fifty times this morning. I must run and be made tidy now, Don, and I think you had better have your hair brushed."

The children looked neat and trim enough ten minutes later, when mother tapped at the door of the schoolroom.

Dot had a fresh white frock on, with a blue sash, and Don had changed his blouse and wore a pink rosebud in his buttonhole.

The small pair welcomed their guests in their best manner, and brought forward the most comfortable chairs for them.

Dot poured out the tea, and, although the teapot was a small one, she could only just manage it with both hands. Don handed round the cakes, and was careful to choose the crisp and sugary ones for himself.

When tea was over, Don made a little speech, feeling very hot and uncomfortable all the while.

"It's time for the concert now," he began. "It won't be a very grand one, so I hope you will not be disappointed. We mean to play as well as we can, and if you are pleased, we hope you will give us something for Jim. We have only a nickel, and we want to make up a quarter if we can."

"But who is Jim?" asked mother, in some surprise, while Eve and Gertrude smiled at their little entertainers.

"Why, don't you know, mother dear?" said Dot eagerly. "He comes now and then to help the gardener, and his father is in the hospital with a very bad foot, and Jim wants to go to Desborough to see him, only he can't pay his railway fare."

"Jim is a kind boy," put in Don. "He tells us stories, and he showed me how to play my whistle. We should like to help him with our own money. Dot, I think we had better begin."

So Dot perched herself on her high chair at the piano, and played "Lilla's a Lady" very nicely indeed, although her fingers felt rather unsteady at first.

Then Don took his whistle and played his one tune, and Dot concluded the entertainment with "The Swiss Boy."

It was a great success. Eve and Gertrude clapped their hands, and mother kissed the small musicians, and presented each of them with a bright dime.

"I am much pleased with you, darlings," she said. "You have done your best, and I am glad you thought of trying to help the poor boy. You must take me to see Jim to-morrow."

"I am glad we thought of the concert," said Dot, when she and Don were left alone in the schoolroom, for an hour's play before bedtime. "Mother says she may be able to find some clothes for Jim; and won't he be pleased when we give him the money? He can go to-morrow, for that's visiting day."

"It was your thought," said Don softly.

"But I couldn't have done it without you, Don"; and Dot pressed her brother's arm in her pretty caressing way.

THE MACARONI AND HIS KIND.

"It is conceivable," says George Eliot, "that a man may have concentrated no less will and expectation on his wristbands, gaiters, and the shape of his hat-brim, or an appearance which impresses you as that of the modern 'swell,' than the Ojibbeway on an ornamentation which seems to us much more elaborate."

When Theophrastus Such was written, the "Masher" had not yet appeared; but Dandy, Swell, and Masher, the three chief species of the genus "fop" which this century has produced, have all, as Carlyle put it, made their trade, office, and existence consist in the wearing of clothes. The leading varieties of the Swell of the last century in London, in addition to their attention to dress, were distinguished by their want of manners and their love of noise, two characteristics which often developed into riotousness and downright insolence.

To the the "Roaring Boys" succeeded the Mohocks of Queen Anne's time, of whose outrageous proceedings many tales are told. They were known by a variety of names, according to the nature of their operations. The "Dancing-masters" made their victims caper by running their swords through their legs; the "Sweaters" surrounded unlucky passers-by, and with drawn swords prodded them whichever way they offered to go; the "Tumblers" stood people on their heads, or put helpless old women in barrels and rolled them down the streets. More innocent in their diversions were the "Nickers," who, when inflamed with drink, would sally out to break windows with halfpence.

Quiet people were much alarmed by these riotous doings; and the letters of the time testify to the fear with which sober citizens regarded the idea of being in the streets at anything like a late hour in the evening.

The quieter beaux were known as "Smarts," who were more devoted to dress than to noise and riot. The name was in vogue from Steele's time to nearly the end of the century. The "Pretty Fellows" were a still more effeminate race. They spent hours at their toilet, and delighted in the feminine accomplishments of sewing and knitting.

To the Mohocks and their kind succeeded, about the middle of the century, the race of Bucks and Bloods. Their doings are to be found in the pages of the periodical essayists and newswriters of the time. In coffee-houses they disturbed the conversation of the company by whistling, swearing, loud affected talk, and the recital of their amorous and other adventures, past and prospective. In private society, to rudely interrupt quiet talk, to snatch paper or book from the hands of an unoffending reader, generally to disgust decent people—these were the manners and customs of the Buck. To break street lamps, to assault the watch, to disturb public assemblies, were all signs of the true Blood and man of spirit.

About 1760 appeared the "Macaroni." The term at first was applied to the members of the Macaroni Club, which consisted of travelled young men—Italianated Englishmen, Roger Ascham would have called them—who, with many foreign affectations, brought back from their wanderings one useful novelty in the shape of Italian macaroni, which they introduced at Almack's, and from which they took their name. The word was soon in general use as an equivalent for fop or exquisite. The true Macaronies had two great passions—love of love and love of gambling. At Almack's, or Brooks's, as it was soon called, play was very high. Ten thousand pounds in gold and notes was often to be seen on the table, and five thousand was sometimes staked on a single card. But hazard was the favorite amusement, and very large sums constantly depended on the throw of the dice. Many of the gamblers were naturally in a chronic state of debt. They borrowed from one another; they were often deep in the books of the accommodating Mr. Brooks; and, as might be expected, they had no small dealings with the Hebrews.

When they sat down to the serious business of hazard, the players laid aside their grand clothes and put on frieze greatcoats, sometimes turned inside out for luck; and to protect their carefully arranged hair, and to guard their eyes from the light, they wore, says Walpole, high-crowned hats with broad brims and adorned with flowers and ribbons. This was ludicrous enough; but their ordinary attire was sufficiently ridiculous. They wore absurdly small cocked-hats, large pigtails, and very tight-fitting clothes of striped colors, and carried very long walking-sticks ornamented with tassels. Walpole alludes to their long curls and spying-glasses. In some respects they seem to have been the forerunners of the dandies who were known a few years ago as the "Crutch and Toothpick Brigade." The Macaroni wore an eye-glass and rejoiced in a toothpick, while in the place of a crutch-stick he flourished his long tasselled staff. Burgoyne, in his play "The Maid of the Oaks" (1774), alludes to the Macaronies "whistling a song through their toothpicks."

The Macaronies were fond of velvet suits, which were frequently bought in Paris, and, like many other heavily-taxed articles, smuggled over to England from Calais or Boulogne for a consideration by small ship-owners who made dealing in contraband goods their chief occupation. If they brought their Paris purchases home with them, the dandies were obliged to clothe themselves in all their gorgeous apparel when leaving France, in order to save it from the clutches of the Custom-house officials.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Tree leaves are utilized as horse feed in France.

A diamond for cutting glass lasts about three months.

Two thousand varieties of apples are raised in the United States.

London has 40 restaurants in which only vegetable food is served.

One out of every 180 inhabitants of the United States owns or rides a bicycle.

A not particular thief of Lockwood, Missouri, recently stole a hive of bees.

There is no such thing as doing right from principle without being well paid for it.

Half-dime restaurants for women and girls exclusively is a coming improvement in Boston.

A Canadian Court has defined the word boodler to mean the very meanest class of thieves.

The tomb of Mohammed is covered with diamonds, sapphires and rubies valued at $10,000,000.

There are said to be two terrapin farms in the United States, located at Mobile, Ala., and in Maryland.

Senor Jose Guazzone, the Wheat King of the Argentine Republic, owns 63,000 acres of land and is a millionaire.

The cantaloupe is a native of America, and so named from a place near Rome, where it was first cultivated in Europe.

The largest herd of buffaloes in the world is owned by Charles Allard, of Missoula, Montana. It comprises one hundred head.

The onion was almost an object of worship with the Egyptians 3000 years before the Christian era. It originally came from India.

A young pullet has adopted a motherless brood of chickens on the farm of Mrs. Head, of Pike county, Ind., and cares tenderly for them.

Java ranks after Brazil in the amount of coffee produced. The culture is mostly in the hands of the government, and affected by forced labor.

Aluminum can be successfully used for engraving in place of stone or steel plates. The only stone used for lithographing is found at Solnhofen, Bavaria.

Alfred McAndrews, who was killed by a train at Greenville, Penna., lately, makes the third member of his family killed on the railroad during the past two years.

Pilot Augustus Hooper, of Boston harbor, suggests that vessels should be equipped with life lines and mortars or rocket lines. This would be of great advantage in wrecks.

The United States Navy now ranks seventh among the world's fleets. It consists of 41 vessels. During the past year nine ships were launched, and six completed and placed in commission.

The chief home of the racing pigeon is in Belgium. There the sport is a national pastime, and a good pigeon frequently wins for its owner large sums of money, the prizes being considerable.

Nine-year-old Lizzie Beale, of Gurley, Alabama, is said to weigh 192 pounds, and is possessed of enormous strength. She is reported to carry with ease an anvil weighing 225 pounds, or a man.

The anathema annually pronounced against the French since the invasion of 1812, at the Christmas Mass in the St. Petersburg churches, was omitted this year on account of the Franco-Russian entente.

A club to which members may take ladies to dinner has been in successful operation in New York for several months; and its novel feature is admitted by its promoters to have contributed most to its success.

Those ships of the United States navy that do not use the electric light are still lighted with lard oil, which thickens to the consistency of very stiff molasses in cold weather, and has other inconvenient habits.

Sheep grow to an immense size in Southern California. One was recently killed in the mountain region of San Bernardino county which, it is reported, when dressed, gave four hundred and ten pounds of good mutton.

Court life in Stockholm is reduced to the simplest proportions. Each of the young princes is devoted to some special study, and both the King and Queen have always striven to be their children's chief friends and confidants.

A circle of King's Daughters, at Park City, Kentucky, recently raised sufficient money to secure some coal for a poor family. The money was given to the family, who, instead of buying coal, had their photographs taken.

The most popular charity tried thus far for the relief of the condition of the poor in New York is the five-cent restaurant scheme. Six more of these restaurants were opened a few days ago. Fifth avenue, from Twenty-third to Fifty-ninth streets, is fairly alive with beggars between the hours of 4 in the afternoon and 10 at night.

IF.

BY W. W. LONG.

If in some summer day to come,
Mid flowers sweet and hum of bees,
I should go down the meadow-way
To our old seat beneath the trees;
And with love's longing in my soul,
Behold you waiting for me there,
The shadows from my life would fall,
And from my brow its care.

SOME NOTES ON BONNETS.

The earliest headgear of the ladies of Britain was a felt or woollen cap called "het" (hence our modern word hat), worn by the higher class of Anglo-Saxons; but this was quickly superseded by a hood or veil, which, falling down before, was wrapped round the neck and breast in a very inartistic manner.

But not only do we owe the introduction of the head-coverings to the Saxons, but in that period the ladies all used on their cheeks a red cosmetic, so that the calling in of art, in the shape of carmine and powder, to assist Nature is not the outcome of refinement, but the preservation of an ancient custom.

During the Danish and Norman periods, the head-dress altered but little in style, and it was not until the thirteenth century that the veils were of gold tissue or superbly embroidered silk, and over them were worn diadems, circlets and garlands; whilst the wimple covered the head and shoulders, and was fastened under the chin, giving a decidedly ugly appearance. It was in this century, too, corsets were first introduced and worn over the dress.

In the reign of Edward III. hats first became general, and were constructed to resemble a coronet; but with the accession of Richard II. these were discarded; partly-colored hoods came into vogue, and Chaucer in his Canterbury Tales describes the carpenter's wife as wearing a silk girdle, head fillet, and brooch.

When the sumptuary laws were revived by Henry V., ladies adopted the expedient of covering their head-dress with a kerchief or veil, and this continued throughout the whole of the fifteenth century. Besides the heart-shaped head-dress and the Turkish turban, ladies now wore upon their heads the ugly steeple, consisting of a roll of linen covered with fine lawn, which hung to the ground or was tucked under the arm.

To such an extent was this fashion carried, that it is related of Isabella of Bavaria, queen of Charles VI., that she had the doors of the palace of Vincennes altered so as to admit herself and the ladies of the court in full regalia. Caps with large wings or lappets on each side, similar to those now worn by the Normandy peasants, were also much affected at this period, and were called "bonets," hence our word bonnet.

The novelty of the later part of the fifteenth century appears from the old chronicles to have been a curious head-dress of embroidered gold-net projecting from the back of the head, and a stiffened kerchief over it spreading out like wings, a fashion which was quickly followed by close caps and cauls, from under which the hair hung down to the waist. Elaboration seems to have commenced with the reign of Henry VIII., for head-dresses were now made of velvet, having long ear-pieces reaching down to the shoulders, and studded with pearls, jewels and gold. Three-cornered caps of miniver were also worn, as well as closely fitting caps reaching to the ears, known as the "Mary-Queen-of-Scots" cap.

The forms of the Elizabethan head-dress, we learn from Holinshed, were very numerous, consisting of French hoods, hats, caps, kerchiefs, cauls of net, wire and lattice caps, as well as the ermine bonnet, the latter of which was "forbidden to all but gentlewomen born, having arms."

The French cap remained in fashion until the time of William III., then with the rage for false hair came the periwig; and the cap gave place to the high-crowned hat with ostrich or peacock feathers, and a sprig of yew for mourning. As the wig became the mode in the Georgian era, so did the shapes and styles of caps and hats change almost as rapidly as at the present day. Caps were at first small frilled or puffed; then came the Ranelagh mob-cap, copied from the head-kerchiefs of market-women; the Mary-Queen-of-Scots cap of black gauze edged with French beads; the fly-cap, like a butterfly, edged with garnets, topazes, or brilliants; and Goldsmith's "Cousin Hannah's" cap, a few bits of cambric and flowers of painted paper stuck on one side of the head.

Next calashes, like the head of a cabriolet, were appended to the head-dress. Following this came a flat straw hat of small size, trimmed with ribbons, and worn upon the crown of the head; and afterwards a large round gypsy straw hat fastened by ribbons under the chin.

The bonnet—a century before, made of silk, velvet, or cloth—was in the time of the Georges changed to straw, for, about 1724, Gay mentions "a new straw bonnet lined with green." The formalities of the eighteenth century received a terrible blow by the French Revolution, and in the ten years preceding 1800, a complete change was effected in feminine head-dress. Periwigs commenced to die out; but straw bonnets, much modified, and broad-trimmed hats, trimmed with long ostrich feathers, were the mode throughout the previous half of the present century.

Then came the rage for quickly changing fashion; hats and bonnets altered yearly; and in the last four decades we have had ladies wearing headgear of all conceivable shapes and sizes. There was the straw hat like an inverted saucer, and the tiny flat bonnet perched upon the high chignon.

They have been multiform. There was the basket hat, the turban, the flower bonnet, the becoming "Princess," the saucy "Gainsborough," the "poke" bonnet with its hideous pea-green strings, and hundreds, nay thousands, of others, that have been in vogue for a brief space, but have now "had their day," and been relegated to that oblivion, the capacious sack of the dealer in ladies' wardrobes.

Since the commencement of the fifteenth century, the fantasies of head-dress have been borrowed from Paris, and the haute monde of that city has guided the English taste exclusively, until at the present moment everything that is fashionable is French.

Grains of Gold.

Despair—Hope gone astray.

Moral beauty is the basis of all true beauty.

Children have more need of models than of critics.

Wherever the speech is corrupted so also is the mind.

Custom may lead into many errors; but it justifies none.

Virtue is the beauty, and vice the deformity, of the soul.

Behavior is a mirror in which every one shows his image.

Youth is like virgin parchment, capable of any inscription.

A chronic grumbler can be set down as a person who loafs too much.

An easy chair for a discontented man is not to be found in any market.

A talent is perfected in solitude; a character in the streams of the world.

Age has deformities enough of its own; do not add the deformity of vice.

Such as thy words are, such will thy affections be; such thy deeds as thy affections; such thy life as thy deeds.

The best of men who ever wore earth about him was a meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit; the first true gentleman that ever breathed.

Only as each man or each woman performs his or her personal duty in any department of life can that department be lifted to a higher plane.

Femininities.

The cornerstone of sin is unbelief.

Good manners and good morals are sworn friends and fast allies.

The best remedy for self-conceit is to be well introduced to yourself.

A salve made by melting beeswax in sweet oil is good for chapped lips.

It requires only a few years for a youth's elder sister to become younger than he.

If you want discipline marry a girl who slaps you in the mouth for trying to kiss her.

Women are apt to see chiefly the defects of a man of talent and the merits of a fool.

Heck: "Woman is a creature of mood." Peck: "True; and my wife's mood is the imperative."

More women than men go blind in Sweden, Norway and Iceland; more men than women in the rest of Europe.

Jagson says it's one thing for a servant girl to know her place, but quite a different thing for her to keep it.

The Sultan of Turkey has 500 carriages. You see, his better-half likes to go out all together once in awhile.

To clean hair-brushes, wash with a weak solution of washing soda; rinse out all the soda and expose to the sun.

Lady Marjorie Gordon, the 13-year-old daughter of the Earl of Aberdeen, edits "Wee Willie Winkie," a paper for children.

Hugh Fleener, 84 years old, and Mrs. Mary Heron, aged 72 years, of Little York, Indiana, have been united in marriage.

Mrs. Goodwin, of Augusta, Georgia, is now living with her sixth husband. Her first marriage took place before she was 16 years of age.

Helen: "Did she marry the man of her choice?"

Matilda: "If I remember rightly, they said it was Hobson's choice."

A quiet wedding, that of William Gardner to Miss Nellie O'Neill, was solemnized at Broad Brook, Conn., lately. Both the bride and groom are deaf mutes.

Jones, the public executioner of Victoria, Australia, was so gallant as to put an end to his own life lately rather than end that of Mrs. Knorr, who is under sentence of death for wholesale infanticide.

Miss Maria Coleman, who died at Melmore, Ohio, lately, at the age of 90 years, was one of a long-lived family. Her mother lived to be 98 years old, one of her sisters was 92 when she died and another one 89.

Swedish women often work as farm laborers. Those who have babies carry them on their backs in a leather bag, as Indian squaws carry their young. This plan permits the mother to use both hands at her farm work.

I like her, with all her faults; nay, like her for her faults. Her follies are so natural, or so artful, that they become her, and those affections which in another woman would be odious, serve but to make her more agreeable.

The Sultan of Turkey has issued an irade authorizing women doctors to practice in his dominions upon presenting their diplomas. An English lady has been the first to avail herself of the privilege, and has begun to practice at Constantinople.

Mayor Baxter, of Portland, Me., is making an effort to introduce into his city departments the Boston method of hiring city laborers, based upon a ranking system, depending upon their condition, habits and the number of persons dependent upon them.

Mrs. William Tarkox, of Natick, R. I., is a woman of high aims. A burglar got into her house the other night, and she fired three shots at his head. The souvenirs he left behind were a hat with a bullet hole in the crown and a section of the lobe of one of his ears.

"The death of her husband must have been a dreadful blow to Mrs. Musicale."

"It was, indeed."

"I suppose she has given up her piano playing entirely?"

"No, she still plays; but only on the black keys."

Flossy is a little girl whose ideas of creation are yet crude, but she is very curious. "Is all of us made out of dust, mamma?" she asked the other day.

"Yes, Flossie."

"Little babies, too?"

"Yes."

The child was silent for a moment.

"Mamma," she said, "Heaven must be a dreffful dusty place."

Lady of the house, to her friend: "Oh, what do you suppose has happened? At the last ball my Elsa made the acquaintance of a young man who was obviously interested. He was a good match, and I sent him frequent invitations to dinner; and, as I knew he was a great gourmand, I employed the best cook that was to be had."

Lady friend: "And your plan succeeded?"

"Well, not exactly. The villain found out and married my cook."

Masculinities.

There's a growing tendency on the part of wealthy young men to remain single.

About 100 deaths occur every year in London from falls servants suffer from washing windows.

There are 10,000 copyrighted volumes of American poetry in the Congressional Library at Washington.

Richard and John McGriff, of Indiana, claim the championship record for long-lived twins. They are 90 years old.

Many clergymen, both in this country and abroad, ride bicycles in going from their homes to their places of worship.

Dr. George Adam, who died at Canaan, Conn., lately, aged 81 years, was born and lived under the same roof all his life.

The physicians of Brussels have recently banded themselves into a union, pledged not to accept any fee below a certain fixed sum.

After feeding the waifs of Kalama, Washington, on Christmas Day, the Mayor made them line up and gave every one a dose of quinine.

There is one sure way to stop a small boy from asking questions, and that way is not satisfactory if you have any further use for the boy.

A Boston man has repudiated the lease of his flat because the elevator man will not let his housekeeper ride in the elevator. The case is in court.

By permitting smoking only as a reward for good behavior, the Belgian prison authorities have been able to weed out a great many petty troubles.

Teacher: "Do you understand the phrase 'rapid enunciation?'"

Boy: "Yes'm. It's the way folks say their prayers on cold nights."

Some of the women of China are beginning to comprehend the folly of compressing the feet. A missionary has been enlightening them on the subject.

W. C. Robinson, of Oil City, Penna., has a cat that has been trained, it is claimed, to accompany him on his hunting trips, and is an expert at catching rabbits.

A landlord at Lynn, Mass., in order to get rid of an objectionable tenant, stopped up the chimney, filling the house full of smoke. The occupants soon departed.

Axton: "Was your marriage the result of love at first sight?"

Exton, sadly: "Yes—on my part. Had I been gifted with second sight I'd never have married."

Uncle Thomas: "But don't you think, George, that poker playing encourages deceit?" George: "Possibly; but as it often takes the conceit out of a man, it's about as broad as it is long."

Major General Sir Owen Tudor Burne, who retired from the active list of the British army lately, crept up the various ranks to that of Major General without doing any military duty whatever.

An Iowa woman dumped her husband into a well, threw rocks in after him and then emptied a shotgun down the well. This sounds bad, but then you know what kind of husbands some men are.

The local Council of Waltham, Mass., voted Mayor Warden an increase of salary from $700 to $1500. He vetoed the bill and it was passed over his head. Mayor Warden declines to accept the increase.

"I'm getting along splendidly learning to write on my new typewriter."

"Getting any speed?"

"Oh, yes. All that's necessary now is for me to get so's I can read what I've written."

Ralph Steele, an aged negro, who was born on A. A. Steele's place, near Eutaw, Alabama, 98 years ago, lived in that family all his life. He waited on four generations of the family. Not only was he present at the birth and burial of every member of four generations of the Steeles, but he dug the graves of every one of them.

M. Jules Simon has discovered the secret of old age, and he has formulated the recipe in two words—intellectual work. Nothing, he declares, helps so materially to conserve physical strength as mental employment, and in proof of this theory he points out that the French Institute is a perfect congregation of hale and hearty octogenarians.

Miss Smith: "Oh, the wretch! And so he has been proposing to both of us?"

Miss Brown: "So it seems."

Miss Smith: "I wish we could think of some way to punish him."

Miss Brown, after a pause: "I have it."

Miss Smith: "What? How?"

Miss Brown, sweetly: "You marry him, dear."

A blind mendicant was begging for pennies on the Bowery, New York, one evening lately. A pedestrian took a nickel from his pocket to give him, but dropped it on the sidewalk. While the man was searching for the coin the blind man joined in the search and found the money. The pedestrian then gave the beggar, instead, a copper, who arrested him.

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

The overskirt seems to be an assured fact, but this will not make the great difference that one would expect at the first thought, as overdresses mean sham skirts, or a lining laced up with the outside material, which balances the full skirt now worn. In this manner an overskirt effect will not require any additional material, even leaving the general width of the skirt at four yards, as it now is. The long coat basques certainly require more than short ones; but, on the other hand, an extremely long coat is not stylish with a draped overskirt, and the full sleeve cannot take more in the spring than they do now.

The idea of two materials in a dress will continue in favor for the spring. The reviving panel effects demand this; the side and front panels in silk, brocade or velvet, or trimmed with braid or passementerie to suggest an idea of contrast, are among the newest features of the spring styles, and really require two fabrics to show off the idea. A second material will also be retained for revers, vests, sleeve puffs, etc., but this does not alter the number of yards of dress material, as all of these accessories are extras. If a long full basque is worn with a panel skirt it does not mean more dress goods, as the panels of another fabric counterbalance the extra goods put in the basque. The fashionable braid trimming that promises to be so popular for spring costumes will not interfere with the dress length, as the fundamental design of the costume will remain the same and still average eight yards of double-width dress goods.

Velvet, moire, satin, brocade and fanciful taffetas and bengalines form a fashionable array of materials for elaborate home toilettes, suitable for evening, the theatre, afternoon receptions, etc. Fur, lace (edging and insertion), velvet and passementerie afford a sufficient scope for trimmings. While black moire is a present fad, that does not mean that other black silks are neglected. Moire certainly adds years as well as dignity to the wearer, but as a trimming it is stylish and rich in appearance on the youngest "bud" of the season. Velvet softens all defects, whether they be of nature or time, and therefore women of all ages wear it, making this material a pretty safe one for clerks to recommend to any customer.

"Nebulous moire," a beautiful style of large patterns, vaguely outlined, is in very great favor.

The short Eton jacket is still worn, but chiefly of fur, astrakhan, or skunk.

The St. Bruno pelisse, of brown bare, has a yoke and sleeves of moire trimmed with fur.

Silk-warp Henrietta, Fayetta, cashmere and Eudora bid fair to be worn for the street and house. The three silk-warp fabrics will make up simply or in a dressy style and combine with moire antique, satin, or bengaline. The silk accessories may be edged with a tiny jet or mohair band, or a more elaborate style will show a vest of white chiffon, sleeve ruffles or epaulets of heavy white guipure lace and a collar, wrist finish and a belt of jet. This makes a gown equal to a silk in stylish appearance and one that can be worn anywhere except in traveling. Cashmere is a stand-by, and is stylishly trimmed with mohair braid and a flat vest of colored ladies' cloth, which may be trimmed with a soutache braiding.

In mantles we have a great variety of models. Besides the sacque, there is the coat-jacket, much patronized by young ladies. And later on we shall have the Russian pelisse of velvet, trimmed with the becoming full ruche round the neck; and the Dalmatian mantle, so graceful with its full drapery thrown back over the shoulder.

Dead black silk passementerie is considered in much better taste than beaded trimmings, and rich fur borders are taking the place of lace and fringes. But the materials used for dressy mantels are so rich and costly in themselves they require but very little in the way of ornament.

The velvet and ribbons used for bonnets are like the new chameleon silk and woolens shot of two or more colors.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

To Determine the Quality of Silk.—The following directions for detecting the spurious from the genuine article in black silk will be found useful: Take ten fibres of the filling in any silk, and if on breaking they show a feathery, dry, and lack luster condition, discoloring the fingers in handling, you may at once be sure of the presence of dye and artificial weighing. Or take a small portion of the fibres between the thumb and forefinger and very gently roll them over and over, and you will soon detect the gum, mineral, soap, and ingredients of the one, and the absence of them in the other. A simple but effective test of purity is to burn a small quantity of the fibres; pure silk will instantly crisp, leaving only a pure charcoal; heavily dyed silk will smoulder, leaving a yellow, greasy ash. If, on the contrary, you cannot break the ten strands, and they are of a natural luster and and brilliancy, and fail to discolor the fingers at the point of contact, you may be well assured that you have a pure silk, that is honest in its make and durable in its wear.

To Prevent Silverware from Tarnishing.—Solid silverware, as well as plated goods, grows dark and tarnished in a very short time when exposed to the air, and even when put away in a dark place. This is especially the case where hard coal is used in the house or neighborhood, as the sulphur in the coal, liberated by heat, is sure to stain all the silverware within reach. This annoying tarnishing can be entirely prevented by painting the silverware with a soft brush dipped in alcohol in which some collodion has been dissolved. The liquid dries immediately and forms a thin, transparent and absolutely invisible coating upon the silver, which completely protects it from all effects of the atmosphere, etc. It can be removed at any time by dipping the article in hot water. This recipe has been in use. Goods in the show cases are protected in this manner.

A Handy and Cheap Barometer.—One that answers the purpose of indicating the approach of fair or foul weather, can be made as follows: Take an eight-ounce bottle, the glass being clear and white, and put into it six ounces of the highest colored whiskey to be obtained, and put into it all the gum-camphor it will dissolve, and a little more. Set in some convenient place. On the approach of rain or bad weather the camphor will settle toward the bottom: the heavier the rain, or the more sultry the weather, the closer the camphor will settle to the bottom. Fair weather is indicated by the feather-like appearance of the camphor, which rises and floats in the liquid. If alcohol is used, it must be diluted so that it will not be stronger than the whiskey, for if it is, so much of the camphor will be held in solution that the atmosphere will have no perceptible effect upon it.

French Polish.—Many will be glad to know how the fine original polish of furniture may be restored, especially in the case of such articles as pianos, fancy tables, cabinets, lacquered ware, etc., which have become tarnished by use. Make a polish by putting half an ounce of shellac, the same quantity of gumlac and a quarter of an ounce of gum sandarac into a pint of spirits of wine. Put them all together in a stone bottle near the fire, shaking it very often. As soon as the gums are dissolved it is ready for use. Now make a roller of wooden rags—soft old broadcloth will do nicely—put a little of the polish on it, and also a few drops of linseed oil. Rub the surface to be polished with this, going round and round, over a small space at a time, until it begins to be quite smooth. Then finish by a second rubbing with spirits of wine and more of the polish, and your furniture will have a brilliant luster, equal to new.

Fruit Stains.—In the season of fruits, the napkins used at the table, and often the handkerchiefs and other articles, will become stained. Those who have access to a good drug store can procure a bottle of Javelle water. If the stains are wet with this before the articles are put into the wash, they will be completely removed. Those who cannot get Javelle water can make a solution of chloride of lime. Four ounces of the chloride of lime is to be put into a quart of water, in a bottle, and after thorough shaking allow the dregs to settle. The clear liquid will remove the stains as readily as Javelle water, but, in using this, one precaution must be observed. Be careful to thoroughly rinse the article to which this solution has been applied, in clear water, before bringing it in contact with soap. When Javelle water is used, this precaution is not necessary; but with the chloride of lime liquid it is, or the articles will be harsh and stiff.

How to Make a Hammock.—A comfortable, inexpensive hammock is thus made: Bring your old flour barrel from the cellar or store-room, knock it to pieces, clean, and paint the staves. Procure a rope four times the length, each place where it is to be suspended, and in size a little larger than a clothes-line. Now halve the rope, double each piece in the middle, and commencing two yards or so from the end, weave it over and under each stave about three inches from the end of each one, which will bring the rope crossed between each; do both sides the same and your hammock is complete.

To Render Leather Waterproof.—This simple and effectual remedy is nothing more than a little beeswax and mutton suet, warmed in a pipkin until in a liquid state. Then rub some of it lightly over the edges of the sole where the stitches are, which will repel the wet, and not in the least prevent the blacking from having the usual effect.

No use to deny the fact that Salvation Oil is fast taking the place of all other liniments.

THE PRETENDED MIRACLE.

In one of the private visits which the great Frederick was wont to pay his soldiers, he met a jolly fellow who had that evening deserted the service of Mars for that of Bacchus. The monarch, entering into discourse with him, asked him how he was able, out of his small stipend, to make so large an offering to the god of wine, and added, "I assure you, comrade, my pay is the same as yours, yet I cannot afford it: pray tell me how you can do this."

"Give me your hand, my lad; you seem an honest fellow, and I'll tell you the secret. To-day I have been drinking with an old acquaintance. It is very hard, you know, if one can't take a drop now and then with a friend; and on these occasions a day's pay is but a scanty allowance; so I was obliged to make use of the old expedient."

"What is that?" said the King.

"Why, to pledge those of my accoutrements which I could best spare for a short time; a little frugality will bring all right again, and then they may be redeemed. This morning I parted with the blade of my sword; as we shall not have a field-day for some time, I shall not have any use for it."

Frederick observed the man closely, thanked him for his information, and then wished him good night.

The next day the troops received an unexpected summons into the field. The king passed along the line, and, recognizing his new friend, ordered him and the immediate man behind from the ranks; they were both commanded to strip.

"Now," said the king to his new companion, "draw your sword and strike off that traitor's head," pointing to the other.

"For Heaven's sake, my liege, pardon me! This man has been my comrade for more than fifteen years, and, should this cruel office be laid on me, I should never know a moment's peace afterwards."

The king was deaf.

"Since, then, sire, nothing I can say can move you, I pray that Heaven may be moved to work a miracle in my favor, and turn this into a wooden sword."

He uttered this with seeming fervor, and feigned the greatest astonishment that it happened as he wished. The king, knowing the artifice, could not but admire the fellow's ingenuity, and not only pardoned but rewarded him.

"It does not by any means follow," said a man of moderate means; "that the finest or costliest chair is the most comfortable. One of the most delightful chairs I ever sat in was an ordinary cane-seat, cane-back rocker; and whoever designed it was a man of brains and thoughtfulness. The back of this chair supported the back of the sitter at every point, and its pitch with relation to the seat was very nearly perfect."

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—AND—

Blonde and Brunette,

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Why continue in uncomfortable feelings, dull, drooping sensations, want of energy, lack of activity, loss of appetite, weakness, depression of spirit, feverishness, fullness of the stomach, ill humor, or other symptoms of bad health, when a few doses of Radway's pills will create new life in you and restore to health the long sufferer from constipation, biliousness, indigestion or other painful and oppressive feelings, arising from a sluggish or gorged liver and inactivity of its associates? In all cases where a Purgative or Cathartic, Aperient or Laxative Medicine is required,

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Drive out all diseases, from whatever cause they may be making inroads on your system; delay no longer, the remedy is at hand; a dose or two will convince you of the truth.

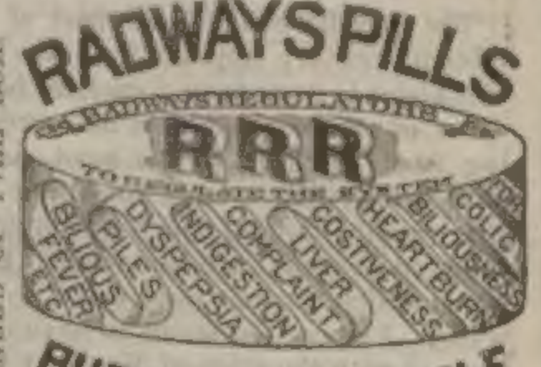
To thousands now suffering, we say, you have the remedy in your own hands. Radway's is a well-known pill, containing the choicest of extracts taken from the VEGETABLE KINGDOM ONLY, compounded in the most scientific proportions, which were found by Dr. Radway to be the best adapted to stimulate and restore to healthy action the disordered organs. They contain no minerals or metals or their salts—nothing poisonous enters into their composition, and they are

PERFECTLY SAFE TO TAKE.

They were amongst the first coated pills ever introduced to the public; there is no unpleasant taste or smell to these pills, and they can easily be swallowed. To those who have used our pills we have nothing to say, they know best what benefits they have derived from them, but to those who are looking for a

Health Restorer

We cannot too strongly recommend a well tried, safe and efficient remedy such as is presented in Radway's Pills.



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HUMOR AT SCHOOL.

The annual examination of girls' schools, and even the ordinary class-questioning of the mistresses, are often productive of diverting specimens of girlish naivete and humor. As a rule, the children's written composition exercises or essays afford a larger quota of humor than the oral class answers. Nevertheless, the transparent ingenuousness which frequently characterizes the latter imparts an equally attractive feature.

A schoolmistress once obtained an answer of so curious a nature, that it is questionable whether it should be referred to the category of mere ingenuousness or of positive juvenile wit. The lady had been taking her first-class girls in that pathetic portion of the closing chapters of Genesis which leads with the reconciliation of Joseph to his conscience-stricken brethren. After the lesson she gave a recapitulatory oral examination. By means of question and answer she elicited from the girls how Joseph "could not refrain himself" in the presence of his brethren, but wept aloud before them; how he cried, "I am Joseph—doth my father yet live?" how he told them that they must return to Canaan, and straightaway bring back the aged patriarch; and finally, how the great wagons were brought out for the journey.

"And now," continued the mistress, "what did kind Joseph give to his brothers before they started?"

Of course she expected the reply, "Provisions and changes of raiment." However, this was not the answer she received.

"Yes, you may tell me," she said, pointing to one of the girls in front.

"Some good advice!" responded the pupil.

"Whatever do you mean?" inquired the puzzled lady.

"Why, madam," replied the girl, "Joseph, knowing that his brothers were not accustomed to the use of wagons, thoughtfully said to them, 'See that ye fall not out by the way!'"

During an etymology lesson, a mistress obtained an answer from a girl which may be characterized both as ingenuous and ingenious. The lady was dealing with the common nouns and their cognate abstract forms. In order to ensure that the class should thoroughly apprehend the subject of her discourse, she took care to put before them the very plainest examples; such as (common noun) judge; (abstract noun) justice: (common) coward; (abstract) cowardice; etc.

She then surmised that she might safely venture to elicit from the girls themselves a few examples of such cognate forms. Accordingly, towards the close of the lesson she made the request.

After some time, one child timidly raised her hand.

"There's a good girl," said the teacher; "now, what is your example of these common and abstract forms?"

"Please, ma'am," answered the girl, "(common) body; (abstract) bodice!"

Justice in Algeria.—In Arab society in Algeria the organization of justice is not very complicated. The Cadi is the universal judge. Every affair comes within his jurisdiction, whether it be civil or criminal; every case is laid before him, so that he is at one and the same time a justice of the peace and a judge of all the law courts.

In towns where the Koran reigns without any mixture of Western importation the Cadi is still more powerful; he cumulates various other functions, and fills the role of commissary of police, notary, solicitor, etc. Such is the Mussulman custom.

A well-known magistrate who has had an opportunity of exploring the back scenes of Arab justice says that the most barefaced traffic goes on even in the presence of the audience by means of dumb-show, in which a sign of the head or hand most effectively replaces all verbal explanation.

For example, a complainant in setting forth his case will put his forefinger to his face, leaving the other fingers closed. This sign means that he will give the judge one douro(five francs) if he pronounces in his favor.

His adversary will rise in his term, and place two fingers on his face, which means that he will give the judge two douros; and so on, the douros increasing in accordance with the number of fingers employed.

A typical anecdote on this subject is told by an interpreter of the French army. The chief of an Arab bureau had received several complaints against a Cadi, and resolved to verify them by attending the audience. Before showing himself, he sent to the court a young officer, who was ordered to observe everything, but at the same time to bear himself as an ordinary spectator. He soon remarked that both the accused and the defendant took pinches of snuff out of the box of the judge, who offered it to them most politely. He at once informed his superior of this strange manœuvre. The chief then entered, and, as the box was being passed, he caught hold of it, and, on opening it, found it contained two gold pieces, which had been placed there by the defendant as a bribe for the judge.

THE GEOGRAPHY OF CRIME.

A number of the most eminent criminologists of Europe have latterly been attempting to frame a geography of crime, and have met with considerable success, having found incontrovertible proof in suicide that crime has its well-marked lines and latitude.

It is found, for instance, that the suicidal centre of Europe is Saxony, were four hundred out of every million people kill themselves each year. From all parts of the compass, according to its greater or lesser distance from the Saxon centre, arises the colossal suicide mountain of Germany. As you go from Dresden north, south, east or west, the suicidal ratio grows smaller. In Austria it is greatest in Bohemia, on the Saxon border; in Prussia, worse in the Saxon provinces of that kingdom. The fewest suicides in Europe occur in Ireland and Russia, in both of which countries there is the greatest suffering, but which seem to escape the mania by their great distance from Saxony.

The metropolitan cities, of course, present a greater amount of crime than the country around them. London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Rome, St. Petersburg, New York come in this order. There are 80,000 professional criminals in London, constantly menacing the public peace, the safety of life and property of all, of whom only one-sixth are in prison. Vienna and Buda-Pesth seem to make a specialty of burglary.

Murder, it is found, is in inverse proportion with the civilization prevailing. The higher the civilization the fewer the number of murders committed. The only exception to this rule is in Turkey, where the Islam faith is productive of a certain religious sentiment which makes murder the greatest crime against human and divine laws. In Greece there were 316 murders and 473 murderous assaults last year, or one to every 2900 persons. Next comes Spain, where an increase in bloodshed goes hand in hand with the gradual decline of the country. Theft, like murder, goes with lack of culture and civilization. It is very rare in Sweden and Norway, while Turkey, Russia, Hungary and the Balkan States show the greatest number of thieves. London is a Mecca of swindlers. Germany also makes a bad record, of late there being a marked decline in the honesty of business transactions, while Belgium, France and Switzerland rank favorably in this respect. Spain, Italy, Greece, Turkey, and, above all, Russia, lead in fraud. Bucharest is known to-day is the greatest den of swindlers in the world. It will be seen that it is possible to make a criminal map of Europe, showing that certain sections produce murder, others burglary or suicide, just as they produce fruit or wheat or cotton.

Cold Weather Rules.—Never go to bed with cold or damp feet.

Never lean with the back upon anything that is cold.

Never begin a journey until breakfast has been eaten.

Never take warm drinks and then immediately go out into the cold.

Keep the back, especially between the shoulder-blades, well covered; also the chest well protected.

After exercise of any kind never ride in an open carriage or near the window of a car for a moment; it is dangerous to health or even life.

When hoarse speak as little as possible until the hoarseness is recovered from else the voice may be permanently lost or difficulties of the throat be produced.

Merely warm the back by the fire, and never continue keeping the back exposed to the heat after it has become comfortably warm. To do otherwise is debilitating.

When going from a warm atmosphere into a cooler one keep the mouth closed, so that the air may be warmed in its passage through the nose before it reaches the lungs.

Bronchitis yields at once to the healing influence of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

Employed in Odd Ways.—An aged commissionaire, to whom the faces of all "men about town" were familiar, recently obtained employment on the opening of a new West-end club, his duties being to simply stand at the door and touch his hat to all notabilities who passed, in order to attract attention to the new venture.

Giving evidence as a witness in a running-down case, a shabby-dressed individual recently declared that for years he had picked up a living by roaming about the streets and patching up broken harness with a few pieces of stout leather, needle, and waxed thread that he carried in his pocket, and affirmed that on Derby Days, Bank holidays, and such like special occasions he had sometimes made as much fifteen shillings.

Some years back, an old and artful fisherman named C—— used regularly, in the season, to infest the salmon rivers of the North, and sell the results of his own illicit angling to London sportsmen desirous of returning to their friends with handsome evidences of their skill with rod and line and in this way he used to declare he made sufficient every season to keep him during the winter. On one occasion he secured a fish of enormous size, which he sold for no less a sum than twenty odd pounds to a nobleman desirous of posing as record-holder of the season.

But stranger still, as a method of earning a living, is the following. A Parisian cook, long noted for his skilful concoction of toothsome salads, recently resigned the cap and apron of his office, and now drives a lucrative business as a mixer of salads only. Going his rounds every evening during the summer months in a smart brougham, he calls at the best restaurants and large house and adroitly chops and mixes his vegetable ingredients in a manner unapproached by any rival. His patrons supply their own "green stuff," while he brings with him a subtle "dressing," of the secret of which he is the sole possessor.

Deceased Ancestors in China.—The Chinese dislike to Western innovations which is now threatening the peace of that country, especially in the province of Human, is curiously illustrated by a correspondent who is employed in the service of the telegraph company which built the first telegraph line in China. It is well known that the Chinese used to pull down the lines at night, and that it became necessary to lay the wires underground, otherwise there would be no telegraphs in the country to-day. The reason given is that the Chinese venerate their deceased ancestors so profoundly that they will not allow even a shadow to fall upon their graves. As a rule, there are no cemeteries in China, the dead being buried near the dwellings of the living, and hence there is hardly a field or garden which has not its sacred place. Since China is so thickly populated, the telegraph men found themselves embarrassed by graves on every hand, and the people flung down the posts and menaced the workmen's lives. On applying to the authorities for the reason of this hostility, the engineers were told that at certain hours of the day the poles cast shadows over the tombs beside them; and, as neither money nor persuasion would overcome the sentiments of the people, all the lines in China have been laid underground.

Ruth: "No girl could have refused him if he had proposed to her as sweetly as he proposed to me." Mary: "But you must remember, dear, that he has had a great deal of experience!"

Hot Water.—A medical authority says that the most potent and most perfect remedy for sleeplessness is to drink hot water. If one awakes in the night and becomes hopelessly wide awake, an invariable remedy is a glass of perfectly hot—not warm—water. It can be heated over the gas or over a spirit-lamp, and sipped while very hot; and one who tries it will find himself going off to sleep like an infant, and getting too the most restful and peaceful sleep imaginable.

"Please pass me the butter," said a guest at an hotel table to a pompous individual on the other side. "I'm a gentleman, sir," he replied, with a grand air, beckoning to the waiter. "That's what I thought when I asked you," said the first man quietly.

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INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE TO THE PIANO OR ORGAN

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys.

It must be understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book.

By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. Postage stamps, 2's, taken. For Ten Cents extra a music book containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address—

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Equal with the interest of those having claims against the government is that of INVENTORS, who often lose the benefit of valuable inventions because of the incompetency or inattention of the attorneys employed to obtain their patents. Too much care cannot be exercised in employing competent and reliable solicitors to procure patents, for the value of a patent depends greatly, if not entirely, upon the care and skill of the attorney.

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Humorous.

DONE AWAY WITH.

Men don't believe in a devil now, as their fathers used to do;
They've forced the door of the broadest creed to let His Majesty through;
There isn't a print of his cloven foot or a fiery dart from his bow
To be found in earth or air to-day, for the world has voted so.

We are told he does not go about as a roaring lion now;
But whom shall we hold responsible for the everlasting row
To be heard in home, in church and State, to the earth's remotest bound,
If the devil, by a unanimous vote, is nowhere to be found?

Won't somebody step to the front forthwith, and make his bow and show
How the frauds and crimes of a single day spring up? We want to know.
The devil was fairly voted out, and, of course, the devil's gone;
The simple people would like to know who carries his business on.

—U. N. Nonx.

Good for sick people—Well water.

Always on the watch—The hand of time.

A regular old-stick-in-the-mud—An anchor.

Which is the easiest vice to get rid of?—Ad-vice.

When are two apples alike?—When they are pared.

A small boy once defined an island as a piece of sea with no water in it.

Mamma, from the sitting-room: "Why are you so still there, Ethel?" Ethel: "Because Jack is still here."

Marie: "Why is Mr. Puffer in such a hurry to marry Maud?"
Arthur: "He promised her he wouldn't smoke while they were engaged."

Smith: "There goes a man who was brought up with a silver spoon in his mouth."
Jones: "I know a man who was brought up with a dozen silver spoons in his pocket."

Travers: "I was coming out of my house this morning and I met my tailor."
Jagway: "What did he have to say?"
"Oh, it was so long since he had seen me that he didn't know me."

"I am very much afraid," said the good old parson, as he was admonishing his flock, "that unless you mend your ways some of you, when Gabriel blows his trumpet, will come out at the little end of the horn."

Amateur artist: "I should like to present the last picture I painted to some charitable institution; now which would you recommend?"
Cruel lady-friend: "The Blind Asylum."

"This, ladies and gentlemen, is the celebrated trick mule, Dot," said the clown, as the beast was being led into the ring. "After many years of effort, I am able to say I can make him do anything he wants to."

The Marquis Van Dickens, at the swellest ball in London: "Surely I have seen your beautiful face before, Miss Saintlouis!"
Miss Saintlouis: "More'n likely. Pa used it on all his patent medicine ads as 'after taking.'"

Professor: "This eccentricity you speak of in your daughter, isn't it, after all, a matter of heredity?"
The mother, severely: "No, sir! I'd have you to know, sir, there was never any heredity in our family!"

A pathetic plea for a holiday was put forward recently by the Baboos employed in the Government Geological Department at Calcutta. They asked the supreme authorities to close the office because they were suffering from perspiration and a want of enthusiasm for their work."

A plan was formed to frighten to death a certain Tim Casey on his return from market by night past the churchyard. As he passed, the usual turnip, white sheet and lantern of the conventional ghost were submitted to his gaze with the customary weird howls. Tim however simply looked fixedly at the apparition for a moment and remarked, "Arrah, now, and is it a general resurrection, or are ye just taking a walk by yerself?"

She looked upon the pale, slender youth kneeling before her, and was moved to pity. There was a tender sympathy in her bearing as she told him she could never be his wife. He heard her answer with a bowed head.
"May I," he asked simply, when she had spoken, 'propound to you one other question before I rise from my knees?"
"Yes."
His glittering eyes were fastened upon her face now.
"Have you—" he was terribly in earnest—"any corns, bunions or inverted nails?"
She shrieked as it dawned upon her that he was, after all, a chiropodist. When he strode away forever the snow crushed beneath his feet with a merry sound.

A Wife-Choosing Ceremony.—At the far end of Naples lies the little church of Santa Maria Annunziata, which, once a year, on the "Day of Our Lady," wakes up into a brief life and excitement.

In a silent row before the high altar kneel thirty girls, all in black garments, with folded hands and eyes fixed on the picture of the Madonna before them.

These are orphans from the neighboring foundling asylum; and once a year all those who have reached the age of eighteen are brought here to the church, and may be chosen in marriage by any man whose papers are in order and whose character is good.

At the door leading to the sacristy leans a greyheaded old priest, the head of the asylum. By-and-by a young man makes his way from the back of the church, and hands him a little packet of papers. These the priest reads carefully, and, being evidently satisfied, he gives back the papers and leads the candidate towards the row of girls.

All their eyes are fixed more steadfastly than ever on the altar, all their hands are clasped tighter together, their faces turn a shade paler, their hearts beat quicker as the young man walks slowly along the row. At last he stops. His choice is made. He stretches out his hand with a little smile.

The girl rises, casts a long look—half-thanks, half-entreaty—at the picture of the Madonna, puts her hand into that of the stranger, and together they disappear into the sacristy.

The ice being thus broken, other suitors come forward.

Where Glass Eyes are Made.—In Thuringia the population of a whole district is dependent for its support on the manufacture of artificial eyes: husbands, wives, and even children all working together to earn a living at this peculiar calling.

There is a constant demand for glass eyes; not so much because people are often losing a good eye, but by reason of the fact that glass eyes soon suffer from wear, and tears cause a roughness to appear on their surface.

And yet, though these simple German village people turn out their produce by the dozen, no two eyes made by the same persons are ever exactly the same. No artificial eye has its exact fellow, in color, size, and shape in the whole world. The method of the manufacture is not a very complicated art. They are firstly glass plates, which are blown by gas jets, then moulded by hand into the form of an oval-shaped cup.

The coloring of the eyes is effected by means of tracing with fine needles, the tints being left to the taste of the individual worker. And though the scope of their taste is necessarily limited to grays and blues and browns and blacks, which colors are assorted together before being eventually dispatched to their various destinations, the different recognized shades in these four colors are considerably more than one hundred.

Perhaps You Don't Know—That there are more than half a million blind people in China.

That a clergyman cannot legally marry himself.

That wrinkles are not usually caused through worry—but by laughing.

That there are some five hundred separate muscles in the body, with an equal number of nerves and blood-vessels.

That the smallest church in the world is that of Lullington, Sussex—measuring only sixteen feet square.

That the largest theatre is the new Opera House in Paris, covering nearly three acres of ground.

That it is computed since the world began that no fewer than 6,800,000,000 men have been slain on the field of battle.

That "God's Acre," as applied to the last resting-place of the human frame, is an old Teutonic and Saxon term.

That in the Great Pestilence of the fourteenth century over seventy millions of people succumbed to this most fearful scourge. In Europe alone, twenty-five million perished.

That George Washington's death occurred during the last hour of the day, the last day of the week, the last week of the month, the last month of the year, the last year of the century.

Mrs Rifter—"I never could understand why you men always want to bet as soon as you get into an argument." Mr. Rifter—"Naturally not, being a woman." Mrs. R.—"I don't see what that has to do with it." Mr. R.—"Well, you probably fail to see any advantage in stopping the talk."

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The well known Phillips Excursion Company have arranged to run weekly excursions to all principal California and other Pacific Coast cities from all points on the Baltimore & Ohio R. R.

The parties will leave the East on Wednesday of each week, commencing January 17th, and passengers will be booked through to destination. There are no Pacific Coast tours offering as good accommodations at less expense. For full information address A. Phillips & Co., No. 111 S. 9th Street, Philadelphia, or call on nearest ticket agent B. & O. R. R. Co.

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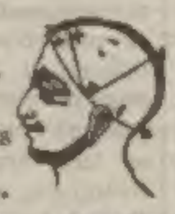

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No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

TOUPEES AND SCALPS. INCHES.
No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
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MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 29, '85. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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PATENTS Thomas P. Simpson, Washington, D. C. No attorney's fee until patent obtained. Write for Inventor's Guide.

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W'msport Night Exp. (Sleeper)	daily 11.30 p m

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4.10, 7.30 (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.45, 11.35 a m, (12.37, p m from 24th and Chestnut streets—Dining car), 1.35, 3.30, 5.15, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut) 8.35, (dining car), p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—4.10, 8.00, 9.45, 11.31 a m, 3.30 p m, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut, 8.35 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night.
Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 11.30, a m, 1.30, 5.00, 7.30 p m, 12.15 night.
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For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 5 00 p m. Accom., 4.12 a m, Sunday—Express, 4.00, a m.
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For Shamokin—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 5.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.12 a m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m.
For Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.12 a m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m.
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